

Class BV459

Book .W6

1823



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104
SELECT HYMNS:

THE

THIRD PART

OF

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY;

WITH

DIRECTIONS FOR MUSICAL EXPRESSION.



BY SAMUEL WORCESTER, D. D.

Late Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass.



Stereotype Edition.



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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—To wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventh day of January, A. D. 1815, and in the fortieth year of the independence of the United States of America, *Samuel Worcester*, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*:—

“Christian Psalmody, in four parts; comprising Dr. Watts’s Psalms abridged; Dr. Watts’s Hymns abridged; Select Hymns from other Authors; and Select Harmony: together with Directions for Musical Expression. By Samuel Worcester, D. D. Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also to an act entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints.”

WILLIAM S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

KEY OF EXPRESSION.

a—Very slow.	o—Quick.
e—Slow.	u—Very quick.
a—Very soft.	o—Loud.
e—Soft.	u—Very loud.
p—Slow and soft.	b—Quick and soft.
g—Slow and loud.	s—Quick and loud.
d—Variously distinctive.	

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HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Being of God. Ps. civ.

- e 1 **T**HERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies .
o See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- o 3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise,
Above the weak attempts of art ;
e The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
e Confess the footsteps of the God ;—
a Bow down before him—and adore. STEELE.
-

HYMN 2. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b*]

Goodness of God. Nabum, i, 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
o But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- e 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
—'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its divinest forms.
- e 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies :
o A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

—5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

o 6 Great God, to thy almighty Love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

STEELE

HYMN 3. C. M. *Mitcham. Arundel.* [*]
God the Creator.

1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

g 2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
—Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terrour and delight.

g 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad ;

e Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

—5 But still the wonders of thy grace
e Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

WATTS.

HYMN 4. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]
Sovereignty and Dominion of God.

a 1 **K**EEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

e 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—TO BE.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men ;

With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

—4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

5 (Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry,
Between the folded leaves.)

e 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN 5. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

God's Name proclaimed. Ex. xxxiv, 6—8.

1 **A**TTEND, my soul, the voice divine
And mark what beaming glories shine,
Around thy condescending God !

To us—to us, he still proclaims,

e His awful, his endearing names ;

o Attend, and sound them all abroad.

d 2 “Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,
“The mighty God, by heav'n ador'd,
“Down to the earth my footsteps bend :

e “My heart the tenderest pity knows,
“Goodness, full-streaming wide o'erflows
“And grace and truth shall never end.

3 “My patience long can crimes endure,
“My pard'ning love is ever sure,

“When penitential sorrow mourns ;

“To millions, thro' unnumber'd years,

“New hope and new delight it bears ;

“Yet wrath against the sinner burns.”

- o 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
 e All prostrate at thy Sovereign's feet,
 — And drink the tuneful accents in :
 o Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till heav'n repeat the rapt'rous scene.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 6. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]*Adam : or, the Fall of Man.* Gen. iii.

- 1 **O**N man, in his own image made,
 How much did God bestow !
 The whole creation homage paid,
 And own'd him Lord below.
- o 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
 With sweets for ev'ry sense ;
 And there, with his descending Lord,
 He walk'd in confidence.
- e 3 But oh ! by sin how quickly chang'd !
 His honour forfeited ;
 His heart from God and truth, estrang'd,
 His conscience, fill'd with dread.
- 4 Now from his Maker's voice he flies,
 Which was before his joy :
 And thinks to hide amidst the trees,
 From an all-seeing eye.
- 5 Compell'd to answer to his name ;
 With stubbornness and pride,
 He cast on God himself the blame,
 Nor once for mercy cried.
- c 6 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,
 And all his guilt forgave :
 By faith the promis'd SEED he view'd,
 And felt the power to save.

NEWTON.

HYMN 7. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]*Types of the Messiah.* Heb. iv, 2.

- 1 **I**SRAEL in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,—
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence :
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head,
The people's trespass bore ;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :

In him our Surety seem'd to say,
d " Behold, I bear your sins away."

— 5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free :
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea—

e Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

o 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age !

—O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me !

COWPER.

HYMN 8. 7's. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Birth of the Saviour.

1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King !
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
" God and sinners reconcil'd !"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

4 Veil'd in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity ;

Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.

o 5 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !

Hail the Sun of Righteousness !

Light and life to all he brings,

Ris'n with healing in his wings.

e 6 Mild, he lays his glory by ;

Born, that man no more may die ;

Born, to raise the sons of earth ;

Born, to give them second birth. **RIPPON'S COL.**

HYMN 9. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Joy of Angels at the Saviour's Birth.

1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

e 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread

Had seiz'd their troubled mind,

o "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,

"To you and all mankind.

b 3 "To you in David's town, this day,

"Is born of David's line,

"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,

"And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,

"To human view display'd,

e "All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling bands,

"And in a manger laid."

—5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith

Appear'd a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, who thus

Address'd their joyful song:—

s 6 "All glory be to God on high,

"And to the earth be peace ;

g "Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,

"Begin, and never cease." **PATRICK or TATE.**

HYMN 10. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Angel's Song. Luke ii, 8—14.

o 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice ; lift up your eyes,

"And send your fears away ;

"News from the region of the skies—

u "Salvation's born to-day !

- e 2 "JESUS, the God, whom angels fear,
 "Comes down to dwell with you;
 —"To-day he makes his entrance here,
 e "But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 "Nor royal shining things;
 "A manger for his cradle stands,
 a "And holds the King of kings!
- o 4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
 "And see his humble throne;
 p "With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 "Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around,
 The heav'nly armies throng:
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song:—
- s 6 "Glory to God who reigns above,
 "Let peace surround the earth;
 "Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 "At their Redeemer's birth." WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 11. 8, 6 & 5. *Christmas. [*]**Christmas Morn.*

- o 1 **L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,
 Salute the happy morn:
 — Each heav'nly pow'r,
 o Proclaim the glad hour;
 s Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!
- o 2 All glory be to God on high,
 To him all praise is due;
 o The promise is seal'd—
 The Saviour's reveal'd—
 And proves that the record is true.
- s 3 Let joy around like rivers flow;
 Flow on, and still increase;
 Spread o'er the glad earth,
 At Emmanuel's birth—
 For heaven and earth are at peace.
- e 4 Now the good will of God is shewn
 Towards Adam's helpless race;
 o Messiah is come—
 To ransom his own—
 To save them by infinite grace.

- o 5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
s Join all the glad pow'rs—
For their Lord is ours—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King. MADEN'S COL.

HYMN 12. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]

Infancy of the Saviour.

- p 1 **O** SIGHT of anguish! view it near,—
What weeping innocence is here—
A manger for his bed!
—The brutes yield refuge to his wo—
e Men, worse than brutes, no pity show,
Nor give him friendly aid!
o 2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?
Why do not tempests rock the pole?
e O miracle of grace!
o Or why no angels on the wing,
Warm for the honour of their King,
e To punish all the race!
e 3 Tho' now an INFANT bath'd in tears,
o He call'd to form the rolling spheres;
g And seraphs own'd his nod!
e Helpless he calls, but men delay:—
e Ungrateful sinners disobey
The first-born Son of God!
—4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,
o Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight?—
e Or glory sink so low?
—This wonder angels scarce declare;
Angels the rapture scarce can hear,
Or equal praise bestow.
e 5 Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme;
Thou boundless Mind, our hearts inflame,—
With ardour from above:
d Words are but faint, let joy express—
Vain is mere joy—let actions bless—
This prodigy of love.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Christ's Ministry. Luke iv, 18, 19.

- d 1 **H**ARK,—the glad sound!—the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
—Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne—
And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- o 3 He comes—the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
o The gates of brass before him burst—
The iron fetters yield !
- o 4 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
o And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- e 5 He comes—the broken heart to bind—
The bleeding soul to cure ;
o And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- e 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Islington.* [*]*Christ's Example.*

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife ;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild—how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move. STEELE.

HYMN 15. L. M. *Weldon*. [*]*Christ's Transfiguration*. Matt. xvii, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell ;
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- d 3 Away, ye charms of mortal joy !
Raptures divine my thoughts employ !
o I see the King of glory shine ;—
e I feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood ;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise ;
o That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- d 6 That mount—how bright ! those forms—how fair .
o 'Tis good to dwell forever there :
—Come, death, dear envoy of our God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 16. L. M. *Dresden*. [*]*Christ weeping over Jerusalem*. Luke xix, 41, 42.

- p 1 **W**HAT venerable sight appears !—
The Son of God—dissolv'd in tears !—
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.
- e 2 For whom, bless'd Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow ?—
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is grac'd and mourn'd with drops divine ?
- 3 Nor brother, there, nor friend I see—
d But sons of pride and cruelty ;
Who like rapacious tigers stood,
Impatient, panting for thy blood.
- p 4 Dear Lord, and aid thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies ?

- And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?
- e 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,—
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
- e Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.
- 6 Give us to shine before thy face,
Eternal trophies of thy grace ;
- o Where songs of praise thy saints employ,
And mingle with a Saviour's joy. DODDRIDGE.
-

HYMN 17. 7s. *St John's.* [b]

Gethsemane : or, Agony in the Garden. Matt. xxvi, 36—45.

- 1 **M**ANY woes had Christ endur'd,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inur'd !
- e But the sorest trial yet,
Was to be sustain'd in thee,—
- a Gloomy—sad—Gethsemane !
- e 2 Came at length the dreadful night !
- d Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God :
- p See, my soul, the Saviour see—
Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- e 3 There my God bore all my guilt ;
—This, through grace, can be believ'd !
- e But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd :
None can penetrate through thee—
- a Doleful—dark—Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God—
- e All my sins against his laws—
All my sins against his blood—
All my sins against his cause :—
- e Sins as boundless as the sea !
Hide me, O Gethsemane !
- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need ;
Deeds of righteousness I've none ;
Not a work that I can plead :
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

- o 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One almighty God of love,
 Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,
 In thy shining courts above—
 We poor sinners, gracious Three ;
 Praise thee for Gethsemane.

HART

HYMN 18. C. M. *China.* [b]*The Saviour's Death.*

- e 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,
 Which heav'n and earth amaze !
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
 Why hides the sun his rays ?
 —2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake.
 And nature sympathize :
 The sun as darkest night be black—
 a Their Maker JESUS—dies.
 p 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree—
 His all atoning blood !
 d Is this the INFINITE ?—'tis he—
 My Saviour and my God.
 p 4 For me—these pangs his soul assail,
 For me—this death is borne ;
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed ev'ry thorn.
 —5 Let sin no more my soul enslave ;
 d Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
 e O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed—nor die in vain.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Carthage. Munich.* [b*]*It is finished.* John xix, 30.

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd :—so the Saviour cried ;
 And meekly bow'd his head, and died !
 'Tis finish'd :—yes, the race is run,—
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
 2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heav'n decreed,
 And all that ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
 In me, the Saviour of mankind.
 3 'Tis finish'd :—Aaron now no more
 Must stain his robes with purple gore ;
 The sacred veil is rent in twain,
 The Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 'Tis finish'd :—this my dying groan
 Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone ;
 o Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
 —By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd :—Heav'n is reconcil'd,
 And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd :
 c Peace, love, and happiness, again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd :—let the joyful sound
 Be heard thro' all the nations round :
 s 'Tis finish'd :—let the echo fly,
 Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

DR. STENNET.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Dresden* [b*]

CHRIST's Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

- p 1 **H**E dies !—the Friend of sinners dies !
 a Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 a A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 d A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- e 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 p He shed a thousand drops for you—
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
 a The Lord of glory dies for men !
 o But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 d Jesus the dead—revives again !
- o 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 Up to his Father's court he flies !
 g Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- u 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
 o Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 d And led the tyrant death—in chains.
- s 6 Say, “ Live forever glorious King,
 “ Born to redeem, and strong to save !”
 d Then ask—“ O death, where is thy sting ?
 “ And where thy vict'ry boasting grave ?”

HYMN 21. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]*Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii, 6.*

- d 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
- o Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.
- e 2 Love's redeeming work is done!
Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sits in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.
- o 4 Lives again our glorious king;
- d "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
- e Once he died our souls to save,
- d "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;—
- o Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ forever live.

CUDWORTH

HYMN 22. 7s. *Epiphany.* [*]*Christ's Ascension.*

- s 1 **H**AIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes
- e Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
- o Reascends his native heaven:
- There the pompous triumph waits;
- e Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of glory in!"
- 2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

- e 3 Master, (may we ever say,)
 Taken from the world away,
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee.
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 —High above yon azure height,—
 Grant our souls may thither rise—
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.
- o 4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come—
 Looking for a happier home.
- o There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thy endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see—
 Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 23. L. M. *Oportio*. [*]

CHRIST'S *Death, Resurrection, and Ascension*. Acts
 ii, 32—36.

- 1 **C**OME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing ;
 And echo, to the heavenly plains,
 The triumphs of your Saviour King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
 How he subdu'd your potent foes ;
 Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
 And, dying, finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high,
 Return'd ; while hymning angels round,
 Thro' the bright arches of the sky,
 The God, the conquering God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r !
 Not angel tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour—
 The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
 In vain their feeble voices raise ;
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace,
 Fill ev'ry heart, and every tongue ;
 Till the full glories of thy face,
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

STEEL.

HYMN 24. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]CHRIST'S *Resurrection and Ascension.* Matt. xxviii, 2.

d 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!

A Death, yield up the mighty prey!

s See, the Saviour quits the tomb—

Glowing with immortal bloom.

u 2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise

Fame's eternal trump of praise;

—Let the earth's remotest bound

Echo to the blissful sound.

o 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;

See the Conqueror mount the skies;

Troops of angels on the road,

Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

g 4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide—

Glorious Hero, thro' them ride;

King of glory, mount thy throne,

Boundless empire is thine own.

s 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,

Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;

Praise him in the noblest songs,

From ten thousand thousand tongues.

—6 Let Emmanuel be ador'd—

d Ransom, Mediator, Lord;

o To creation's utmost bound,

Let th' immortal praise resound.

GIBBONS.

HYMN 25. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]*Praise to the REDEEMER.*

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,

e May an infant lisp thy name?

—Lord of man, as well as angels,

Thou art every creature's theme.

e Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.

—2 Lord of every land and nation,

Ancient of eternal days!

o Scudded through the wide creation,

Be thy j'st, exalted praise.

Hal.

g 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—

Grand beyond a seraph's thought—

For created works of power,

Works with skill and kindness wrought.

Hal.

- 4 For thy providence that governs,
Thro' thine empire's wide domain ;
e Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
o Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- e 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark thro' brightness all along !
e Thought is poor, and poor expression,
a Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
e Shall thy praise, unutter'd lie ?
d Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !
o Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- e 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
—Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
a To the cross of deepest wo—
All to ransom guilty captives !
s Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- o 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour ;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne
g Thence return, and reign for ever ;
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c. ROBINSON.

HYMN 26. C. M. *Marlborough*. [*]*Coronation of Christ.* Cant. iii, 11.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
o And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call :
The God incarnate ! Man Divine !
o And crown him—Lord of all.

- 5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 o And crown him—Lord of all.
- e 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall;
 —Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 o And crown him—Lord of all.
- 7 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 g To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

DUMAN

HYMN 27. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [*]*Jesus is King.* Rev. xiv, 3.

- 1 **L**ET us awake our joys,
 Strike up with cheerful voice—
 Each creature sing;
 Angels—begin the song,
 Mortals—the strains prolong,
 In accents, sweet and strong,—
 o “Jesus is King.”
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name,
 Tell of his matchless fame—
 What wonders done;
 Shout through hell's dark profound,
 Let the whole earth resound,
 Till the high heav'ns rebound—
 “The vict'ry's won.”
- 3 He vanquish'd sin and hell,
 And the last foe will quell;
 e Mourners rejoice!
 His dying love adore:
 o Praise him now rais'd in power,
 And triumph ever more,
 With a glad voice.
- o 4 All hail the glorious day,
 When thro' the heav'nly way,
 g Lo, he shall come!
 e While they who pierc'd him wail,
 His promise shall not fail;
 o Saints, see your King prevail;
 d Come, dear Lord, come!

KINGSBUR

HYMN 28. H. M. *Triumph.* [*]*The Kingdom of Christ.* Phil. iv, 4.

- s 1 **R**EJOICE—the Lord is King!
 Your God and King adore;
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice—the Saviour reigns!
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules air, earth, and heaven:
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:
 o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy;
 And every bosom swell,
 With pure seraphic joy;
 o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- o 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come—
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 g We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
 The trump of God shall sound—rejoice! **RIPPON.**

HYMN 29. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]*Glories of God in Redemption.* Isai. xlv, 23.

- g 1 **F**ATHER—how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
- o Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands thro' the skies.
- d 2 But when we view thy strange design,
 To save rebellious worms;
- p Where vengeance and compassion join,
 In their divinest forms;—

- g 3 Here the whole Deity is known ;
 c Nor dares a creature guess—
 e Which of the glories brightest shone—
 d The justice or the grace.
 b 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
 Adorn the heav'nly plains :
 Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
 o 5 O may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal song !
 s Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue. WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 30. 6 & 4. C. M. *Bermondsey*. [*]

Worthy the Lamb. Rev. v, 12.

- o 1 **G**LORY to God on high :
 Let heaven and earth reply—
 o Praise ye his Name !
 — His love and grace adore,
 c Who all our sorrows bore ;
 — And sing for evermore—
 o Worthy the Lamb.
 — 2 All they around the throne
 o Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his Name ;
 We, who have felt his blood,
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad—
 o Worthy the Lamb.
 — 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless ;
 o Praise ye his name :
 o In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 e Shouting with heart and voice—
 16 Worthy the Lamb.
 e 4 What tho' we change our place—
 — Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name :
 o To him our songs we bring—
 s Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 31. L. M. *Munich. Moreton.* [*]*Christ's Intercession.* Heb. vii, 25.

- 1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives ;
 o What joy the blest assurance gives ;
 —And now before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- e 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
 —But in the Saviour's lovely face,
 o Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace !
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts—
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 o His powerful intercessions rise ;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- e 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
 —Let this dear hope repel the dart—
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
 On him our humble hopes depend ;
 o Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEELE.

HYMN 32. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [*]*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Thou didst free salvation bring ;
 By thy death thou didst release us,
 From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 Great High Priest, by God anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood :
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made for man with God.
- g 4 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory :
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

e 5 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in heaven we appear.

o 6 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;

o Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 33. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Redeeming Love.

o 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;

—Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,

o As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

e 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears ;

o See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.

e 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin !

—Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.

o 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
 Welcome to his sacred rest :

d Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing—but redeeming love.

o 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs ;
 His tremendous fees and ours,
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.

o 7 Hither, then, your music bring,

u Strike aloud each joyful string :

—Mortals, join the hosts above—

g Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN. 34. C. M. *Windsor. Plymouth.* [*]*The Necessity of Renewing Grace.*

- c 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
- e The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- p 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray ;
Reason, debas'd, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- e 3 Can ought, beneath a pow'r divine,
The stubborn will subdue ?
- o 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live ;
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray—
'Tis thine alone to give.
- p 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
- o Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine !

HYMN 35. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]*Prayer for the Spirit.* John xiv, 26.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
- o Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee. HART.

HYMN 36. L. M. *Carthage*. [b]*Sorrow for Sin.*

- p 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit !
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- e 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art—
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free,
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove—
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood—
The labour of thy dying love.
- d 5 I would—but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- o 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear, in my poor heart appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

HYMN 37. C. M. *Canterbury Wantage*. [b]*Repentance.*

- **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet Sov'reign mercy calls—"Return :"
Dear Lord, and may I come !

My vile ingratitude I mourn :

O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?

And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love.

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious—how divine !

'That can to life and bliss restore,
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love—so free—so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore ;

O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

HYMN 38. L. M. *Armley.* [b]

Sinner submitting to God.

1 **W**EARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God, who creates, must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' cbedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Reading.* [b*]

Sinner resolving to go to Christ. Esth. iv, 16.

1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd
And make this last resolve :—

- o 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 "Hath like a mountain rose ;
 "I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 "Whatever may oppose.
- e 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 "And there my guilt confess ;
- p "I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 "Without his sovereign grace.
- o 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
 "Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
 —"Perhaps he may command my touch—
 "And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 "Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
- e "But if I perish, I will pray,
 "And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
 "I am resolv'd to try ;
 "For if I stay away, I know
 "I must for ever die."

JONES.

HYMN 40. 7 & 6. *Clark's.* [b*]*The Heart healed by Mercy.*

- 1 **S**IN enslav'd me many years,
 And led me bound and blind ;
 Till at length a thousand fears
 Came swarming o'er my mind.
- o Where, (I said in deep distress,)
 Will these sinful pleasures end ?
 How shall I secure my peace,
 And make the Lord my friend ?
- 2 Friends and ministers said much,
 The gospel to enforce ;
- e But my blindness still was such,
 I chose a legal course :
 Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
 Scarce would shew my face abroad ;
- e Fear'd, almost, to speak or move—
 A stranger still to God.
- 3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
 Long time did I rebel ;
- e Till despairing of my case,
 Down at his feet I fell :

- o Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdu'd me to his sway ;
By a simple word he spoke—
d “Thy sins are done away.”

COWPER.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Islington.* [*]*The happy Change.*

- e 1 **I**N sin, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancied good we range ;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd—but love of change.
—2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are then renew'd, no more to rove.
o 3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will ;
—This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.
o 4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end ;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

HYMN 42. L. M. *Portugal.* [b *]*The Influences of the Spirit experienced.* John. xiv, 16, 17.

- e 1 **D**EAR Lord—and shall thy Spirit rest,
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
d Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest !
Favours astonishing—divine.
e 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night ;
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here
—Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?
o 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh ;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
—4 Wher. some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice.

- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
 Can it be less than pow'r Divine,
 Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 And when my cheerful hope can say,
 d "I love my God, and taste his grace,"
 e Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 7 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 Forever dwell, O God of love ;
 o And light, and heav'nly peace impart—
 Sweet earnest of the joys above. STEELE.

HYMN 43. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]*Power of Faith.* Rom. i, 17.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 o His pardon at once he receives—
 Redemption in full through his blood.
- o 2 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes,
 Against him in malice unite—
 Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere fancy, or name—
 d The work of God's Spirit it is.
- o 4 It treads on the world, and on hell,
 It vanquishes death and despair,
 e And what is still stranger to tell,
 d It overcomes heav'n by prayer.
- o 5 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
 e It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole—
- 6 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow and as white :
 o And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light. HART.

HYMN 44. S. M. *Peckham.* [*]*Preciousness of Faith.* Eph. ii, 8. 2 Pet. i, 1.

- 1 **F**AITH—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd ;

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Lord, send 'he Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

BENOME.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Arundel*. [*]*Faith encouraged by Ancient Example.* Heb. xi, 13.

o 1 **R**ISE, O my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

—2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

o 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe ;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

—4 Lord, may I ever keep in view,
The patterns thou hast giv'n—
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heav'n.

NEEDHAM

HYMN 46. L. M. *Oporto*. [*]*The new Convert.*

1 **T**HE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath EMMANUEL's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 Nor fears he feels—he sees no foes—
No conflict yet his faith employs ;

Nor has he learn'd to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

e 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting ;
And, comforts sinking day by day,
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

—4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less ;
And said, " Lest Israel vainly boast,
d " My arm secur'd me this success."

e 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low ;
—That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

COWPER.

HYMN 47. C. M. *Canterbury*. [*]

Comforts, True and False.

1 **O** GOD, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives ;
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives.

e 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepar'd by Satan's art.

—3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem'd to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

e 4 Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin, and yet rejoice ;

e Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice ?

—5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r ;

e That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

—6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

COWPER.

HYMN 48. C. M. *Mear.* [*]*Zeal, True and False.*

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
e While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
- e 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
d The false is headstrong, fierce and wild ;
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name ;
Nor seeks it ought beside.
- d 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
“Come, see what I can do.”
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love. NEWTON.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]*Not go away from Christ.* John vi, 67—69.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
e (Alas, what numbers do !)
—Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
d “Wilt thou forsake me too ?”
- e 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 e To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
 —4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,
 Thou art the CHRIST of God ;
 o Who hast eternal life secur'd,
 By promise and by blood.
 —5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 o No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
 e 6 What anguish has this question stirr'd,
 a ' If I will also go?'
 —Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 d I humbly answer—NO !

NEWTON.

HYMN 50. L. M. *Carthage*. [b*]*Not ashamed of Jesus*. Mark viii, 38.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee !
 Scorn'd be the tho't, by rich and poor,
 O may I scorn it more and more.
 2 Asham'd of Jesus!—sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
 In whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
 p 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes I may—
 When I've no sins to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 —5 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And, O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me !

GRIGG.

HYMN 51. C. M. *Colchester*. [*]*Inconstancy in Religion*. Hosea vi, 4.

- 1 **P**ERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
 We hail thy sacred Name :

- Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
- o Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- e 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew ;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.
- o 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
o And with increasing transports press,
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way ;
o Brightens each moment in his race,
o And shines to perfect day.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 52. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]*O that I were as in months past.* Job xxix, 2.

- b 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- o 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 (In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.)
- o 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

- e 5 But now—when ev'ning shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns:
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 6 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face;
 I read—the promise meets my eyes—
 But will not reach my case.
- 7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
 O make my soul thy care;
- o I know thy mercy cannot fail,
 — Let me that mercy share.

NEWTON

HYMN 53. 8s. *Bethany.* [b]*Faith fainting.*

- e 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign;
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
- p Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All-plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terrour shall cease;
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I:
- o Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 —Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 e My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold on thy promise to keep;
 o The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
- While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 d "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."
- e 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love has design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?

- o Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r :
 o Come succour and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy power. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 54. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]*Self Examination.*

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought :—
 e Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?
 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse ;
 Who have never heard his name.
 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove—
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?
 e 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
 Can I deem myself a child ?
 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 d You who love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me—is it so with you.
 o 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all !
 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?
 —8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 55. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]*The Holy Spirit addressed under darkness.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast ;
- e My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest ;
—Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner overwhelm'd with his load ;
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin ;
Resolv'd by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win ;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 If when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd ;
O Spirit of pity and grace,
Relieve me again and restore ;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to grieve thee, no more :
- e 4 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a taste of his love—
- e If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a mansion above ;—
- o Come, heav'nly Comforter, come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine !
- o And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

RIPPON.

HYMN 56. L. M. *Sicilian.* [* b]*Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I**ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;

- But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- e 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- a 5 Yea, more—with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- e 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
- d " 'Tis in this way (the Lord reply'd,)
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,
" From self and pride, to set thee free,
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
" That thou may'st seek thy all in me." NEWTON.

HYMN 57. L. M. *Pleyel's*. [*]*Inconstancy lamented.*

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- e 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
- o The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love? DORRINGTON.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Bath*. [b*]*Conflict between Sin and Holiness. Gal. v, 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!

- Not this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Tho' each by turns my heart assail.
- e 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die—
 o Now raise my songs of triumph high;
 o Sing a rebellious passion slain,
 e Or mourn to feel it live again.
- o 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
 Eerne upwards to my native skies:
 When faith assists my soaring flight,
 To realms of joy, and worlds of light.
- e 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
 Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
 —I feel its sympathetic force,
 And headlong urge my downward course.
- e 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
 How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
 What clouds obscure my rising sun,
 Or interrupt its rays at noon!
- 6 Great God, assist me through the fight,
 Make me to triumph in thy might;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
 The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

CRUTTENDON.

HYMN 59. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]*Watchfulness and Prayer.*

- e 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 —To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- p 2 How oft my mournful tho'ts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
- e My weak resistance, ah; how vain!
 e How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 e Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 e Or soon my strength will fail

—5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside ;

o My God, thy powerful aid impart—
My guardian and my guide.

—6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,

o And bid the tempter flee ;

—And never let me go astray,
From happiness and thee.

STEELE.

HYMN 60. 8, 7 & 4. *Hclmsley*. [*]

Hope encouraged. Ps. xlii, 5.

e 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness ?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?

o Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness ;
Bid thy restless fears be gone :

Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

--2 What though Satan's strong temptations,
Vex and grieve thee day by day ;

And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay ;

o Thou shalt conquer—
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

—3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within ;

o Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin :

He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

—4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road ;

o His right hand shall still defend thee ;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God !

Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

—5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,

o Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love !

o Happy songsters !
When shall I your chorus join ?

FAWCETT.

HYMN 61. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]*Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

- e 1 **I** WAS a grov'ling creature once,
 And basely cleav'd to earth;
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
 And sent me from above,
 Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
 The wings of joy and love.
- o 3 With these, to Pisgah's top I fly,
 And there delighted stand;
 To view, beneath a shining sky,
 The spacious promis'd land.
- o 4 The Lord of all the vast domain,
 Has promis'd it to me:
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege!
 To thee for help I call;
- e I stand upon a mountain's edge,
 O save me, lest I fall!
- 6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
 My strength is not my own;
- e Then let me tremble at his word,
- o And none shall cast me down.

COWPER.

HYMN 62. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [*]*Assurance.* Jer. xxxi, 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I know, hath died for me,—
 This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
 Hither when hell assails, I flee,
 And look into my Saviour's breast:
- o Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear—
- e Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
- e Tho' strength, and health, and friends, be gone:
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 And every comfort be withdrawn;
- g Steadfast on this my soul relies—
 Father thy mercy never dies.

- 3 Fix'd on this rock will I remain,
 e When heart shall fail, and flesh decay ;
 g A rock which shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away !
 s Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love !

LYNDAL.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]*Christ, the Believer's Ark.* 1 Pet. iii, 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
 In what impetuous streams it fell !
 Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
 And swept a guilty world to hell.
 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
 Fled from the close pursuing wave ;
 Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
 Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
 e 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !
 How shrill the universal cry—
 Of millions in the last despair—
 Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky.
 e 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
 Surrounded with the chosen few,
 Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
 And sang the grace that steer'd him through.
 o 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
 While storms of vengeance round me fall ;
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
 —6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;
 o Then the wide flood that buries earth,
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
 s 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
 But the bright rainbow round the throne,
 Seals endless life to all their souls. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 64. 8 & 7. *Emmaus.* [*]*Christ, a Friend closer than a Brother.* Prov. xviii, 24.

- 1 **O**NE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end :

- They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- c 2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could, or would have shed their blood?
- o But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd in him to God :
- o This is boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
- Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- c 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above :
- o But when home our souls are bro't,
We will love thee as we ought. NEWTON.

HYMN 65. C. M. *St Ann's. Mear.* [b]

Manna, or Daily Supply. Exod. xvi, 18.

- 1 **M**ANNA to Israel well supply'd
The want of other bread ;
While God is able to provide,
His people will be fed.
- 2 Of his kind care, how sweet a proof !
It suited every taste :
Who gather'd most had just enough,
Enough who gather'd least.
- o 3 'Tis still our gracious Lord provides,
Our comforts and our cares ;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our shares.
- c 4 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry ;
- o The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.
- 5 Daily they saw the manna come,
And cover all the ground ;
But what they try'd to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.

- e 6 Vain their attempts to store it up ;
This was to tempt the Lord :
o Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.

NEWTON.

HYMN 66. C. M. *York.* [*]*Joys of Saints.* Neh. ix, 10.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow,
In nature's barren soil ;
e All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
—2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;—
o There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,
Are found—and there alone.
e 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
— A sense of pard'ning love,—
o A hope that triumphs over death,
o Gives joys like those above.
—4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine—
o Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine !
—5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
o Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

NEWTON.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]*Walking with God.* Gen. v, 24.

- 1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !
e 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
—3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
e But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

-
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be—
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 o And purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

HYMN 68. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Light Shining out of Darkness.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never-failing skill ;
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
 o 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 With blessings on your head.
 —4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 o Behind a frowning providence,
 o He hides a smiling face.
 —5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
 o 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 o God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN 69. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [b]

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !

- It guides me in the peaceful way ;
 I think upon it all the day.
 2 What are the mines of shining wealth ?
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health ?—
 What are all joys, compared with those,
 Thine everlasting word bestows ?
 e 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path, secure I stray'd :
 —Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
 e And straight I turn'd unto my God.
 e 4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart—
 e I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart ;
 e It taught my tears a while to flow,
 e But sav'd me from eternal wo.
 e 5 Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
 Thy precepts I had still despis'd ;
 And still the snare in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.
 o 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
 And breathe towards thy dear abode ;
 Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

COWPER.

HYMN 70. C. M. *Barby*. [*]*Submission.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign,
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
 e 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand,
 That wipes away my tears ?
 —3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
 o 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
 e Shall I resist them both ?
 e A poor blind creature of a day ?
 And crush'd before the moth !

-
- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.
-

HYMN 71. C. M. *Bedford.* [*b]

Resignation. It is the Lord. 1 Sam. iii, 18.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who has an undisputed right,
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—who governs all—
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
- e 3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will ?
 — Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load,
 o From whom assistance I obtain,
 To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise—
 o Matter, eternity to fill
 With ever growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
 o Thrice blessed be his Name,
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.
- o 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
 Should nature's self expire ;
 g And the great Judge of all descend
 In awful flaming fire. GREEN.
-

HYMN 72. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

Self-denial : or, Bearing the Cross. Mark viii, 38.

- e 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me ?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be ?

- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- o 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- o 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

KIRHAM.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Reading.* [*]*Contentment.* Phil. iv, 11.

- 1 **F**IERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we trust in thee.
- 2 In vain by reason, and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear ;
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
- 4 "Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
"Then how canst thou complain ?
"How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
"With everlasting pain !
- 5 "If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,
"Compare thy griefs with mine ;
"Think what my love for thee endur'd—
"And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 "'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
"And I do all things well ;
"Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
"And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 "In life my grace shall strength supply,
"Proportion'd to thy day ;
"At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
"To wipe thy tears away."

- 8 Thus I, who once my wretched days,
 In vain repining spent ;
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
 Have learn'd to be content. COWPER.

HYMN 74. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]
The Lord will Provide. Gen. xxii, 14.

- 1 **T**HE saints should never be dismay'd,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear ;
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abrah'm found : he rais'd the knife,
 d God saw, and said, ' Forbear ;—
 ' Yon ram shall yield his meaner life :
 ' Behold the victim there.'
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey ;
 d But hark ! the foe's at hand :
 —Saul turns his arms another way,
 To save the invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
 He thought to rise no more ;
 o But God prepar'd a fish, to save,
 And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Piest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
 That meet us in his word !
 May ev'ry deep felt care of mine,
 Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
 And though it tarry, wait :
 The promise may be long delay'd ;
 But cannot come too late. COWPER.

HYMN 75. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]
The Lord my Banner. Exod. xvii, 15.

- e 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
- No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- o 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 Who sent him to the fight ;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright :

—Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

e 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,—
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?

The trumpets made his coming known ;
And all the host was overthrown.

o 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word—
God helping me to say,

e 'My trust is in the Lord,'—

o My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

e 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride—
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side!

o Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

COWPER.

HYMN 76. C. M. York. [*]

The Lord that healeth. Exod. xv.

1 **H**EAL us, EMMANUEL;—here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :

Deep wounded souls to thee repair ;

e And, Saviour, we are such.

—2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;

e But wilt thou pity us the less?—

d Be that far from thee, Lord!

—3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling for relief ;

d "Lord, I believe." with tears he cried ;
"O help my unbelief."

—4 She too who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtues stole,

d Was answer'd "Daughter, go in peace ;
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

—5 Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view ;

And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had some misgivings too.

- 6 Like her with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
e Oh! send us not despairing home—
Send none unheal'd away.

COWPER.

HYMN 77. L. M. *Armley.* [*]*The Lord send Peace.* Judg. vi, 24.

- e 1 **J**ESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd
To satisfy the law's demand—
o By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face we stand.
—2 To reconcile offending man,
Make justice drop her angry rod!
e What creature would have form'd the plan?
Or who fulfil it, but—a God?
—3 No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.
e 4 Peace, by such means, so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to see?
p Peace—by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought—
His Sov'reign fasten'd to the tree!
—5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare;
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war;
They hate the soul who hates his sins.
e 6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
o But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

COWPER.

HYMN 78. G. M. *Hymn 2d. Sunday.* [*]*Thankfulness for Providential Goodness.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
o Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
—2 Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay;
Or hung upon the breast.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- e 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
o Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
e And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
o Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- o 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
e Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
o And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- o 8 Through all eternity—to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
e For O, eternity's too short,
'To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

HYMN 79. C. M. *Swanwick*. [*]*Encouragement to trust and love God.* Ps. xxxiv.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- o 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- o 3 The hosts of G'd encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his Name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- e 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
o Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

TATE

HYMN 80. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [*]*Grateful Recollection.* 1 Sam. vii, 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
o Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
o Praise the mount.—I'm fix'd upon it—
u Mount of God's unchanging love.
—2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
e Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
o He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.
e 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
—Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :
e Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
d Here's my heart—O take and seal it ;
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 81. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]*Excellencies of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth ?
How shall I his beauties declare ?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are ?
o His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace :—
e No ! this is a myst'ry unknown.

- g 2 In him all the fulness of God
 For ever transcendently shines ;
 e Though once like a mortal he stood,
 To finish his gracious designs :
 p Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set fr  e ;
 —His glory sustained no loss,
 g Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,
 Seem'd then, with each other to vie ;
 e When sinners he stoop'd to restore,
 p Poor sinners condemned to die !
 d He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay :
 Poor sinners he lov'd, till he died,
 To wash their pollution away.
- 4 O sinner, believe and adore,
 The Saviour so rich to redeem ;
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him :
 d Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sins,
 Draw near, while with terrou  r you're toss'd ,
 Believe—and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now, sinner, attend to his call,
 d “ Whoso hath an ear let him hear !”
 —He promises mercy to all,
 Who feel their sad wants, far and near :
 o He riches has ever in store,
 And treasures that never can waste :
 o Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more—
 u Here's glory eternal at last. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Armley*. [*]*All good in CHRIST.*

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend . . .
 e And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go—
 A wretched wand'r  r from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and wo,
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?

-
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 o Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
 e While thou art near, in vain they call :
 o One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy Name, my inmost pow'rs adore ;
 o Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
 d Depart from thee ;—'tis death—'tis more !
 'Tis endless ruin—deep despair !
- e 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 —Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 o For life, eternal life is thine. STEELE.
-

HYMN 83. L. M. *Leeds.* [*] -

Temptation : or, Safety in the Storm.

- d 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 e My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform ;
 And guide and guard me through the storm !
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 d Control the waves—say, "Peace—be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.
- e 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
 o Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
 Force back my shatter'd bark again. COWPER.

HYMN 84. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]*Christ, the Refuge from the Storm.* Deut. xxxiii, 27.

1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

COWPER.

HYMN 85. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]*Jesus, the Pilot.* Luke viii, 22.

1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine!

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;

Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye :
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

- o 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- e 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms and winds subside ;
Lord to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- o 6 Come, heav'nly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heav'n, my destin'd place :
- s Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin, behind.

HUNTINGDON.

HYMM 86. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

My Redeemer liveth. Job xix, 25.

- 1 " **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;"
What comforts, this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head !
- 2 He lives—triumphant from the grave,
He lives—eternally to save ;
He lives—all glorious in the sky,
He lives—exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives—to bless me with his love,
He lives—to plead for me above ;
He lives—my hungry soul to feed,
He lives—to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives—to grant me rich supply,
He lives—to guide me with his eye ;
He lives—to comfort me when faint,
He lives—to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives—to stoop and wipe my tears ;

- He lives—to calm my troubled heart,
 He lives—all blessings to impart.
 6 He lives—my kind, wise, heav'nly Friend,
 He lives—and loves me to the end ;
 He lives—and while he lives I'll sing,
 He lives—my prophet, priest, and king.
 7 He lives—and grants me daily breath,
 He lives—and I shall conquer death !
 He lives—my mansion to prepare,
 He lives—to bring me safely there.
 o 8 He lives—all glory to his name !
 He lives—my Jesus, still the same :
 e O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 o "I know that my Redeemer lives !" MEDLEY.

HYMN 87. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*]*Life and Strength in Christ.*

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want ;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
 e 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,
 Wither without thee, and die ;
 Weak as helpless infancy ;
 O confirm my soul in thee !
 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall ;
 Send the strength for which I call :
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I ev'ry moment need.
 4 All my hopes on thee depend ;
 —Love me, save me to the end !
 Give me the continuing grace,
 o Take the everlasting praise. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 88. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]*Jehovah-Jesus.*

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 d Thee, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
 —2 Without beginning, or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 g Eternal ages saw Him shine—
 He shines eternal ages hence.

- e 3 As much when in the manger laid,
 o Almighty ruler of the sky ;
 —As when the six day's work he made
 o Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
 —4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
 And owns EMMANUEL for his name.
 o 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal,
 To worship him who died for me.
 e 6 As man, he pities my complaint ;
 o His pow'r and truth are all divine ;
 —He will not fail, he cannot faint,
 g Salvation's sure, and must be mine. COWPER.

HYMN 89. L. M. Leeds. [*]

Assurance in Christ our Righteousness, Isa. xiv, 24.
 Jer. xxiii, 6.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 o 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
 e 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies ;
 —E'en then shall this be all my plea—
 d "Jesus hath liv'd—and dy'd for me !"
 —3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully, through thee absolv'd I am,
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame
 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 o Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim—
 e Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
 —5 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change its glorious hue ;
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
 o 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice ;
 o Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
 —Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 g "JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." WESLEY.

HYMN 90. C. M. *Arundel*. [*]*Holy Fortitude : or, the Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross?
 A follower of the Lamb!
- e And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,
 On flow'ry beds of ease?
- e Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
- e Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- o 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 e Increase my courage Lord;
- o I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
- o They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- o 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory through the skies—
- g The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

HYMN 91. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth*. [*]*God the Pilgrim's Guide. Ps. xlviii, 14.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hld me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- e 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;

- o Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises—
 I will ever give to thee.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 92. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]*The Christian's Shepherd.* Ps. xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- e 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscapes flow.
- e 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray ;
 —His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
- o The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- o 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 o My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dismal shade. ADDISON.

HYMN 93. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]*Ministry of Angels.* Ps. xci, 11.

- 1 **S**EE, Gabriel swift descends to earth,
 Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth ;
 Hark !—a full choir of angels sing,
 The new-born Saviour, and the King.
- e 2 Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait
 On Jesus, in his humble state ;
- p The desert and the garden prove
 Their glowing zeal, their tender love.
- o 3 They saw the Conqueror mount on high,
 To glorious worlds beyond the sky ;

Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right hand.

—4 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employ'd in messages of love ;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my living Friend,
May these thy servants me attend,
Thro' life ; and when I quit this clay,
o Safe to thine arms my soul convey. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 94. C. M. *Devizes*. [*]

Servants of God always safe.

1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
o Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

—2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care ;
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

e 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne ;
High on the broken wave,
o They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

—4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

e 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
o We'll praise thee for thy mercies past ;
e And humbly hope for more.

—6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
o Shall join our souls to thee. ADDISON.

HYMN 95. C. M. *Pleyel's*. [*]

Confidence and joy in God. Hab. iii, 17, 18.

e 1 **A**LTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil ;

The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field delude the tiller's toil ;—

- 2 Altho' the stall no herd afford,
p And perish all the bleating race ;
o Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
s The God of my salvation praise.
- e 3 Tho' comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear ;
a Tho' joy be sought, and sought in vain,
And tho' despair itself be near ;—
- p 4 Altho' assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see ;
o Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
g And glory that he died for me.

WESLEY.

HYMN 96. C. M. Zion. [*]

Christ the Believer's Song.

- e 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
—No musick's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- e 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak ;
o And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedeck.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
o We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favour'd throng ;
s Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 97. 7s. St. John's. [*]

Adieu to the vain World.

- d 1 **W**ORLD, adieu ! thou real cheat ;
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms :
—Now I see as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

- e 2 Vain, thy entertaining sights:
 False, thy promises renew'd ;
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit for heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
 Follow after fleeting toys ;
 Since in thee alone I find,
 Solid and substantial joys :—
- o Joys that never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.
- e 4 Lord, how happy is a heart,
 After thee while it aspires !
- True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its desires :
- g It shall see the glorious scene
 Of thine everlasting reign.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 98. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [*]*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- o 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n thy native place :
- p Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
- s Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
- e So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 1 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
- o Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
- e Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
- o All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 99. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [*]*View of Heaven.* Rev. xxii, 1—5.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise,
 View thine inheritance beyond the skies ;
 Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
 What endless pleasure in those mansions dwell :
 There my Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
 In that bless'd country can admission gain ;
 No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
 For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear :
 There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
 Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides ;
 There the fair tree of life majestic rears
 Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears :
 There my Redeemer lives &c.
- 4 No rising sun his transient beams displays,
 No sickly moon emits her feeble rays ;
 The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,
 Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads :
 There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires !
 Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires !
 When shall I at my heavenly home arrive—
 When leave this earth, and when begin to live ?
 For there my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

STRAPHAN

HYMN 100. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]*Privileges of Adoption.* 1 John iii, 1, 2.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God ;
 They are bought with Christ's own blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave ;
 Life eternal they shall have :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun ;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe :

With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are justifi'd by grace ;
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away ;
They shall stand in God's great day :
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness ;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefil'd :
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heavenly birth ;
One with God, with Jesus one ;
Glory is in them begun :

g With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

HUMPHREYS.

HYMN 101. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim ;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

e 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
—To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
o To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing ;
g To view with eternal delight,—
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

e 3 In Mesech as yet I reside—
A darksome and restless abode !
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.

- c O when shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay,
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day !
- 4 My glorious Redeemer, I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphant crowd.
- c O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above—
 To gaze on thee—world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love ?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again,
- o Perfection of glory reigns there.
- This soul and this body shall shine,
 In robes of salvation and praise ;
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.
- d 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away :
- o The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
- g My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

FRANCIS.

HYMN 102. 5 & 6. *Newcastle.* [*]*Praise for Salvation.*

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone,
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne,
 The Prince of our peace ;
 Who evermore saves us,
 By shedding his blood :
- o All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !
- 2 We thankfully sing
 Thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of pity and grace .

- Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell ;
 o And say, our dear Saviour
 Redeem'd us from hell.
 — 3 Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide :
 O never remove
 Thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation ;
 • Till each of us see,
 With joy, the bless'd vision,
 Completed in thee !

HYMN 103. S. M. *Nativity.* [*]*Song of Moses and the Lamb.* Rev. xv, 3.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 o Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
 e 2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising power ;
 —Sing how he intercedes above,
 e For those whose sins he bore.
 — 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue ;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspires our song.
 o 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 u Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
 e 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
 d "Ye blessed children come ;"
 —Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.
 o 6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 e And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

HAMMOND.

HYMN 104. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]*The Christian's song.*

- 1 **G** RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing ;

- g Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious Name ador'd.
- 2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love :
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
o Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !
- e 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
—Our humble hallelujahs hear ;
o Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.
- 4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great :
e Look with pity from thy throne,
Send the Holy Spirit down.
- 5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.
- o 6 Then with angels we'll again
u Wake a louder, louder strain ;
s There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
- 7 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony ;
g That thro' heav'n's all spacious round,
Praise to God, may ever sound.
Lord thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

HYMN 105. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Dignity, and Happiness of the Christian.

- 1 **H**ONOUR and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise :
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days !
- 2 A kingly character he bears ;
No change his priestly office knows ;
Unfading is the crown he wears ;
His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face ;

His robe is of th' etherial dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains,
The expenses of his heav'nly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above!
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought—
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

COWPER.

HYMN 106. 5 & 6. Wesley. [*]

God's Servants should praise and extol him.

1 **Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,

And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

g 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

o 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

e 4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
SELECT. 7

- o All glory and power,
And wisdom and might :
g All honour and blessing,
With angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 107. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [*]*Invocation to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !
e Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
o 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall !
g Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made :
Our souls on thee be stay'd,
e Lord, hear our call !
3 Come, thou, incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend !
o Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
e Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !
—4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour !
o Thou, who almighty art ;
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.
g 5 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore !

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 108. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

The Sinner weighed and found wanting. Dan. iv, 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw,
e Would'st thou the awful test sustain?—
d Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace those dreadful characters;
d “*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,
“And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”
- e 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Let horror shake thy tott'ring knees;
p Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ has a weight to turn the scale;
o Still does the gospel publish peace,
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save,
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 109. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Sinner, prepare to meet God.

- e 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?
- d 2 See, his mighty arm is brac'd,
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
- e For his judgment stand prepar'd—
Thou must either break or bow.
- g 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
- p What will then become of thee!

e 4 Who his advent may abide?

—You who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

HYMN 110. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]
Sinners entreated to forsake their ways. Isa. lv, 7.

1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;
e His mercy speaks to-day;
—He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

e 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal wo!

o 4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.

—5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

o 6 His love exceeds your highest tho'ts;
He pardons like a God:

o He will forgive your numerous faults
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

FAWCETT

HYMN 111. 8, 7 & 4. *Littleton.* [b]

Sinners entreated to hear.

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?

- e Every sentence—O how tender !
 —Every line is full of love ;
 a Listen to it—
 o Every line is full of love.
 —2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
 News from Zion's king proclaim,
 o To each rebel sinner—" Pardon,
 " Free forgiveness in his name."
 e How important !
 d Free forgiveness in his name !
 —3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears :
 e Tender heralds—
 o Chase away the falling tears.
 —4 False professors, grovelling worldings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you ;
 Take the warnings they afford ;
 e We entreat you,
 d Take the warnings they afford.
 e 5 Who hath our report believed ?
 Who receiv'd the joyful word ?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord.
 p Can you slight it—
 Offer'd to you by the Lord !
 —6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 o Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay :
 s Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey. ALLEN.

HYMN 112. 7s. *Fairfax*. [b*]*Burdened Sinners invited to Christ.* Matt. ix, 23.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary souls oppress,
 Find in Christ the promis'd rest ;
 On him all your burdens roll,
 He can wound, and he make whole.
 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
 Come and wash in Jesus' blood :
 To the Son of David cry,
 In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

DECOURCY

HYMN 113. 8s & 7s. *Calvary.* [b]*Suppliant Address to the Saviour.* Mark x, 43.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
p See, I languish, faint, and die.
- e 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!
- e 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
- 8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- e 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
d "Here's the soul that perish'd, suing
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
- o 10 *Sav'd*—the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above;
- s Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love.

TURNER.

HYMN 114. L. M. *Geneva.* [b *]*Vision of the Dry Bones.* Ezek. xxxiv, 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd millions round.
- e 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live,
And can these perish'd bones revive?
—That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,

- e In vain they call, in vain they cry,
—Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- o 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- o 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Mear.* [*]*Converting Grace.* Ps. xlv, 3—5.

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus, how divine,
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
- e 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
o Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- g 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace—
- e 5 O may my humble soul be found,
Among that favour'd band;
o And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Emmanuel's land. WALLIN.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [*]*Revival of Religion hoped for.*

- e 1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul give way,
To see the work of God decline,
—Methought I heard the Saviour say,
g Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 2 “Tho’ for a time I hide my face,
“Rely upon my love and power,
“Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
“And wait for a reviving hour.

- o 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
 "I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,
 e "The winter season has been sharp,
 o "But spring shall all its wastes repair."
 —4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive ;
 o Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing,
 o Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 117. C. M. *Plymouth*. [b*]*God's regard to the actively Pious.* Mal. iii, 16, 17.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on mortal worms looks down,
 From his celestial throne ;
 And when the wicked swarm around,
 He well discerns his own.
- e 2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn
 The scandals of the times ;
 And join their efforts to oppose,
 The wide prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low in the social band he bows
 His still attentive ear ;
 And, while his angels sing around,
 Delights their voice to hear.
- o 4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
 Their words in transcript fair ;
 In the Redeemer's book of life,
 Their names recorded are.
- d 5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "the world shall know
 "These humble souls are mine :
 "These, when my jewels I produce,
 "Shall in full lustre shine.
- 8 "When deluges of fiery wrath
 "My foes away shall bear ;
 "That hand which strikes the wicked thro',
 "Shall all my children spare." DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 118. C. M. *Windsor*. [b]*Prayer for spiritual Healing.*

- 1 **T**HOU great Physician of the soul,
 To thee I bring my case ;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Help me to state my whole complaint ;
 But where shall I begin ?

Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint,
This worse distemper—sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread ;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame ;
It overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 (A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.)

6 Lord, I am sick ; regard my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Say canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee ?

HYMN 119. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [b*]

Efficacy of God's Word. Jer. xxiii, 29.

e 1 **W**ITH rev'rend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word ;

o The pride of Lebanon it breaks :
o Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
g And earth to its deep centre shakes.

—2 Array'd in majesty divine ;
Here sanctity and justice shine,
e And horror strikes the rebel thro' ;
g While loud this awful voice makes known
The wonders which thy sword hath done,
a And what thy vengeance yet shall do.

c 3 So spread the honours of thy name ;
g The terrours of a God proclaim ;
—Thick let the pointed arrows fly ;
e Till sinners humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
—And bless the hand by which they die.

o 4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,
And radiant beams of love display,
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise ;
e So shall the bleeding captives feel,

Thy word, that gave the wound, can heal,
 o And change their notes to songs of praise.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 120. C. M. *Abridge. Barby. [*]*

Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to light;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 g Majestic like the sun;
 —It gives a light to every age,
 d It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 o His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise but never set.
- o 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display;
 As makes a world of darkness shine,
 With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love;
 g Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

HYMN 121. 7s. *St. John's. [*]*

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day:
 o Day of all the week the best;
 Emblem of eternal rest:
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name;
 ■ Shew thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

—3 Here we come thy Name to praise ;
 Let us feel thy presence near :
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear :
 Here afford us Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound ;
 Bring relief from all complaints :
 o Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

NEWTON.

HYMN 122. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]*Sabbath Morning.*

1 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest ;
 I hail thy kind return,
 e Lord make these moments blest.
 —From the low train of mortal toys,
 o I soar to reach immortal joys.
 —2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace ;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face :
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

o 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours :
 o Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

HAYWARD.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]*The Lord's Day.*

1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest,
 Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,
 Employ in endless rest.
 o 2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
 And more in knowledge grow ;

—And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

o 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,

g By God the Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

o 4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
e With grief and pain extreme :

g 'Twas great—to speak the world from nought—
'Twas greater—to redeem. DECOURCY'S COL.

HYMN 124. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [* b]

Devotion.

e 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd ;

—And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

e 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :

o Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

—3 In each event of life, how clear
e Thy ruling hand I see !

e Each blessing to my soul most dear,
— Because conferr'd by thee.

o 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
e In every pain I bear,

o My heart shall find delight in praise,
e Or seek relief in prayer.

o 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;

e Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

—6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;

o My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

WILLIAMS

HYMN 125. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [* b]

Social Worship.

1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art !

- Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell ;
- c Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
- e And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
- c And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- o 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON.

HYMN 126. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]*A Blessing humbly requested.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
- c O do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion, now descend ;
—Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
- o Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
a Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord we know not how to go ;
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.

e 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return ;
 Those who are cast down, lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

—6 Grant that all may seek, and find
 Thee a God supremely kind :
 Heal the sick, the captive free ;
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

RIPPON.

HYMN 127. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [*]

Love Divine.

1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling !
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling :
 All thy faithful mercies crown.

e Jesus, thou art all compassion !
 Pure, unbounded love, thou art !
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast !

e Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

—Take away the power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be ;

o End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

—3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Suddenly return—and never—

e Never more thy temples leave !

—Then we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;

o Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

—4 Finish then thy new creation ;
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee :

g Chang'd from glory unto glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;

e Till we cast our crowns before thee,

a Lost in wonder, love, and praise ! **MADAN'S COL.**

HYMN 128. C. M. *Reading.* [b*]*Seed in different Grounds. Matt. xiii, 3.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground:
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.
- o 5 But were the Lord of grace and power,
Has bless'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store,
The deep wrought furrows yield!
- e 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
—Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place.

COWPER.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]*Close of Worship.*

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HART.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]*Close of Worship.*

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down,
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

NEWTON.

HYMN 131. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Close of Worship.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprison'd grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save ;—
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built ;—
- 3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,
T' accomplish all his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil !
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake
We every blessing pray ;
- g With glory let his name be crown'd,
Through heav'n's eternal day.

GIBBONS.

HYMN 132. H. M. *Allerton.* [*b]

Jubilee.

- o 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
- o The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
e The sin-atonin^g Lamb ;
— Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim :
- o The year, &c.
- o 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
-- Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
- o The year, &c.

-
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
- o The year, &c.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
- o The year, &c.
- 6 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
- s The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home ! **TOPLADY.**
-

HYMN 133. C. M. Zion. Hymn 2d. [* b]
The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.
- 2 Forever hallowed be thy name,
By all below the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfil ;
Let all thy glory see ;
And, as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.
- 4 Our wants with every morning grow,
With food these wants supply ;
And on our souls the BREAD bestow
To eat—and never die !
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy shew,
We mercy beg of heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct ;
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path,
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine's the power, the kingdom thine,
 All glory's due to thee :
 Thine from eternity they were,
 And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 134. L. M. *Armley*. [b*]

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to a mercy seat ?
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- e 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain ;
 And fill a fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me." COWPER

HYMN 135. 7s. *Fairfax*. [*]

Power of Prayer.

- 1 **I**N themselves as weak as worms,
 How can poor believers stand,
 When temptations, foes, and storms,
 Press them close on every hand ?
- 2 Weak indeed they feel they are,
 But they know the throne of grace ;
 And the God, who answers prayer,
 Helps them when they seek his face.
- 3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
 Succour they at length obtain ;

He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits ;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.

NEWTON.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Public Fast. Joel i, 14.

1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend !

'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

e 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'rs display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

p 3 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

—4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then, shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

o 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;

o Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

STEELN.

HYMN 137. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

Public Fast. Gen. xviii, 23—32.

1 **W**HEN Abrah'm full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood ;

And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued :—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace—
Was his petition crown'd !

The Lord would spare, if in that place,
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul,
So rich a boon obtain ?

Great God, and shall a nation pray,
And plead with thee in vain ?

- o 4 Still we are thine—we bear thy name ;
 Here yet is thine abode ;
 o Long has thy presence bless'd our land—
 e Forsake us not, O God !

SCOTT.

HYMN 138. L. M. *Worship.* [b]*Public Fast.* Ezek. ix, 4—6.

- e 1 **O** RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge supreme,
 We tremble at thy dreadful name !
 And all our crying guilt we own,
 In dust and tears before thy throne.
- e 2 So manifold our crimes have been,
 Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
 That, cou'd we all its horrors know,
 Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- o 3 Estrang'd from reverential awe,
 We trample on thy sacred law :
 p And though such wonders grace has done,
 Anew we crucify thy Son.
- e 4 Justly might this polluted land
 Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;
 a And bath'd in heaven, thy sword might come,
 To drink our blood and seal our doom.
- e 5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
 Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?
 O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
 While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- p 6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
 Nor turn away their secret groan :
 With these we join our humble prayer ;
 Our nation shield, our country spare. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]*Fast. God's Controversy.* Mic. vi, 1—3.

- e 1 **L**ISTEN, ye hills ; ye mountains hear ;
 Jehovah vindicates his laws ;
 Trembling in silence at his bar,
 Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- d 2 Israel appear ; present thy plea ;
 And charge th' Almighty to his face ;
 Say, if his rules oppressive be ;
 Say, if defective be his grace.

- c 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease ;
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame ;
- b 'Tis ours in sackcloth to confess,
—And thine, the sentence to proclaim.
- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
Thy mercies and our crimes appear,
More than the stars that deck the skies,
And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- e 5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow ?
What off'rings can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrors of thy brow ?
- e 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed ;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain ;
Or the first-born's devoted head
With horrid gore thine altar stain.
- 7 But thy own Lamb all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay !
- o Has sovereign virtue in his blood
To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly ;
With that may we be sprinkled o'er ;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 140. L. M. *Weldon*. [*]

Thanksgiving: Seasons crowned with Goodness. Ps. lxxv 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ :
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 141. L. M. *Green's*. [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship. Ps. lxxxvii, 5.

e 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode ?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own ?

o 2 We bring the tribute of our praise ;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

—3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace !
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

e 4 These walls we to thy honour raise ;
Long may they echo to thy praise ;
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

—5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train ;
o While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

g 6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 142. H. M. *Allerton*. [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship.

1 **I**N sweet exalted strains,
The King of glory praise ;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days ;

- g He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.
- e 2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine ;
- o Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine :
- o Fair Salem, still his chosen rest :
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour, crown
This temple as thy dome—
This people as thy own :
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries ;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies :
- o Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may th' attentive throng,
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above :
- o And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.
- 6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise ;
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days :
- g Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS.

HYMN 143. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Ordination: Joshua the high Priest. Zech. iii, 6, 7.

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below ;
And thro' ten thousands sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- e 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
—Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.

- o 3 The heav'nly natives with delight
 Hover around the sacred place ;
 Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
 Thy servants join th' angelic band ;
- o With them, thro' distant worlds they fly ;
 e With them, before thy presence stand.
- o 5 O glorious hope ! O blest employ !
 e Sweet lenitive of grief and care !
 When shall we reach those radiant courts,
 And all their joy and honour share ?
- 6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
 Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
 Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
 g And half their heaven shall here be known.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 144. H. M. *Whitchurch.* [*]*Ordination. Ministers a sweet savour to God.* 2 Cor. ii, 15, 16

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide !
- e While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breath'd on every side :
- Palmy and rich the odours rise,
 o And fill the earth, and reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls,
 Its influence feel—and live ;
 Sweeter than vital air
 The incense they receive :
- o They breathe anew, and rise and sing—
 o Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.
- e 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
 That brings salvation nigh :
 They turn away their face.
- a And faint, and fall, and die.
- p So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,
 a For O ! they fall to rise no more.
- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
 Shall all thy servants be,
 In those who live or die,
 A savour sweet to thee ;
- o Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
 e Guarded with flames of wrath divine. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 145. L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [*]*Gospel Ministry instituted by Christ. Eph. iv, 11, 12.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.
- 4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;
Who, tho' with feebl' rays they shine,
Still gild a long—extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow:
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Thro' the long round of endless days. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 146. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]*Gospel Treasure in earthen vessels.*

- 1 **H**OW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean! when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servants share?

- e 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace,
 Are lodg'd in urns of clay ;
 —And the weak sons of mortal race
 Th' immortal gifts convey.
- e 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
 o Yet grace the victory gives ;
 e Quickly they moulder back to earth—
 o Yet still the gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects,
 o Such trophies God can raise ;
 —His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
 o His monuments of praise. SALISBURY COL.

HYMN 147. L. M. Carthage. [* b]

Prayer for a sick Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne,
 We bow our suppliant spirit down :

View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell ;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And yield our wo-fraught heart relief.

- 3 With power benign, thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer ;
 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

- 4 Restore him, sinking to the grave ;
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save ;
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and father live.

- 5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
 In every breast his image lies ;
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
 N'er rend him from each bleeding heart.

- 6 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears can nought prevail ;
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
 And guide him safe to endless day. EVAN'S, C. M.

HYMN 148. C. M. Canterbury. [b ♯]

Death of a Minister.

- 1 **H**IS master taken from his head,
 Elisha saw him go ;

- And in desponding accents said,
 e "Ah! what must Israel do?"
- 2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
 The beggar to the throne,
 Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts,
 Would soon be made his own.
- d 3 What—when a Paul has run his course,
 Or when Apollos dies—
 Is Israel left without resource?
 And have we no supplies?
- o 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundless store;
 - And shall be fed with what he gives,
 g Who lives for evermore. COWPER.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [h *]*Death of a Minister.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry;
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh?
- e 2 What tho' the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade?
- p What tho' the prophet and the priest,
 Be number'd with the dead?—
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged, and the young—
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
 And mute the instructive tongue;—
- o 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart;
 His eyes still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.
- d 5 "Lo I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 "For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 "Whose souls in me confide."
- o 6 Thro' every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 e When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 150. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]*Christ the Refuge of the Church.*

- 1 **H**E who on earth as man was known,
 e And bore our sins and pains ;
 g Now, seated on th' eternal throne—
 The God of glory reigns !
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
 With an unerring skill ;
 And countless worlds extended wide,
 Obey his sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
 In yonder world above ;
- o His saints on earth admire his ways,
 And glory in his love.
- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
 Wrought out for guilty worms ;
- o Affords a hiding place, and shield,
 From enemies and storms.
- 5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy on their head ;
- o To this high rock his people run,
 And find a pleasing shade.
- e 6 How glorious he !—how happy they !—
 In such a glorious friend !
- o Whose love secures them all the way,
 o And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Moreton.* [* b]*Covenant engagements joyfully recognised.* 2 Chron. xv, 15

- o 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice,
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- e 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him, who merits all my love !
- e Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- d 3 'Tis done :—the great transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
 He drew me—and I follow'd on—
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on angels' bread to feast ?

- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:
e Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 152. C. P. M. *Bradbury*. [*]*Covenant Everlasting.*

- o 1 **N**OW for a hymn of praise to God!
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
Wake every high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.
- 2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Through fixed channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,
Or angels earth's formation sung,
He chose us in his Son.
- g 3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,
Through endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God:
—That none his cov'nant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
e And ratify'd in blood.
- o 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,
And hellish powers assail:
g Eternal walls are my defence,
Environ'd with Omnipotence—
What foe can e'er prevail?
- 5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful pow'r;
d My soul their wrath disdains:
g In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
While cov'nant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 153. 11s. *Idumea*. [*]*Church in Affliction.* Isa. xlix, 14—17.

- e 1 **O** ZION afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd.

- o 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
 --But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
 o His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- d 3 "O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries;
 "My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes!
 "Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
 "Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 "Forget thee I will not—I cannot; thy name,
 "Engrav'd on my heart doth forever remain;
 "The palms of my hands while I look on I see.
 "The wounds I receiv'd when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and my groans,
 "For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
 "In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels the pain—
 "Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
 "My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
 "In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
 "To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

JAY'S COL.

HYMN 154. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [a]*Consolation of Israel.* Luke ii, 25.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee:
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child—and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy precious Kingdom bring,
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 155. L. M. *Islington.* [b]*Christ's Address to the Church at Ephesus.* Rev. ii, 1-7

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,
 And thus he speaks to some of us;

- d "Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
And hold the pastors in my hand.
- 2 "Thy works to me are fully known,
Thy patience, and thy toil I own;
Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
- 3 "Yet I must blame, while I approve:
Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
Dost thou forget my love to thee,
'That thine is grown so faint to me?
- 4 "Recall to mind the happy days,
When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise;
Repent—thy former works renew,
Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
- 5 "Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove;
And thou, too late, thy loss lament,
I warn before I strike:—Repent."
- e 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith,
To him who overcomes by faith;
- e "The fruit of life's unfading tree,
In Paradise his food shall be."

NEWTON.

HYMN 156. C. M. York. [*]

Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna. Rev.ii,11.

- 1 **T**HE message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace;
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.
- 2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,
Saith the great FIRST and LAST,
Who ever lives—though once he died!
- d "Hold thy profession fast.
- 3 "Thy work and sorrow well I know,
Perform'd and borne for me;
Poor though thou art, despis'd and low,
Yet who is rich like thee?
- 4 "I know thy foes, and what they say,
How long they have blasphem'd;
The synagogue of Satan, they,
'Though they would Jews be deem'd.
- 5 "Though Satan for a season rage,
And prisons be your lot:
I am your friend, and I engage
You shall not be forgot.

6 "Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few short days of strife;
Behold the prize you soon shall wear,
A crown of endless life."

e 7 Hear what the Holy Spirit saith
Of all who overcome;

o "They shall escape the second death,

e The sinner's awful doom!"

NEWTON.

HYMN 157. 7 & 6. *Clark's. Hymn 5th.* [b*]
Christ's Address to the Church at Sardis. Rev. iii, 1-2

d 1 "WRITE to Sardis, saith the Lord,
And write what he declares;

He whose Spirit, and whose Word,

Upholds the seven stars;

All thy works and ways I search,

Find thy zeal and love decay'd;

Thou art call'd a living church,

But thou art cold and dead.

2 "Watch—remember—seek, and strive,

Exert thy former pains:

Let thy timely care revive,

And strengthen what remains:

Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,

Former times to mind recall;

Lest my sudden stroke descend,

And smite thee once for all.

3 Yet I number now in thee,

A few who are upright;

These my Father's face shall see,

And walk with me in white:

When in judgment I appear,

They for mine shall stand confess'd:

Let my faithful servants hear,

And wo be to the rest."

COWPER.

HYMN 158. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]
Christ's Address to the Church at Philadelphia. Rev.
iii, 7-13.

1 **T**HUS saith the Holy One, and true
To his beloved faithful few;

"Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,

To shut or open as I please.

2 "I know thy works, and I approve,

Though small thy strength, sincere thy love;

- Go on my word and name to own,
 For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
 3 "Before thee see my mercy's door
 Stands open wide to shut no more;
 Fear not temptation's fiery day,
 For I will be thy strength and stay.
 4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast;
 Thy trying hour will soon be past:
 Rejoice—for lo! I quickly come,
 To take thee to my heav'nly home.
 g 5 "A pillar there no more to move,
 Inscrib'd with all my names of love:
 A monument of mighty grace,
 Thou shalt forever have a place."
 —6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
 Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord;
 Let him who hath the ear of faith,
 Attend to what the Spirit saith. NEWTON.

HYMN 159. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b]
Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea. Rev.
 iii, 14—20.

- d 1 **H**EAR, what the Lord, the great Amen,
 The true and faithful Witness, says
 He form'd the vast creation's plan,
 And searches all our hearts and ways.
 2 To some he speaks as once of old,
 d "I know thee—thy profession's vain;
 Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
 I'll spit thee from me with disdain.
 3 "Thou boastest 'I am wise and rich,
 Increas'd in goods, and nothing need;'—
 And dost not know thou art a wretch,
 Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.
 4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
 My message is in mercy sent;
 That thou may'st my compassion prove,
 I can forgive if thou repent.
 5 "Would'st thou be truly rich and wise,
 Come buy my gold in fire well try'd;
 My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,
 My robe, thy nakedness to hide.
 6 "See, at thy door I stand and knock;
 Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?

Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
That I may enter with my train.

7 "Thou canst not entertain a king,
Unworthy thou of such a guest !

But I my own provision bring,

To make thy soul a heav'nly feast.

NEWTON

HYMN 160. S. M. *Newton*. [*]

Promise to Believers and their children.

1 **L**ORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace ;

Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine :

Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore ;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,—
Which closer still engage their hearts,
To honour thy commands.

e 5 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

o 6 Our offspring still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God ;
To latest times thy blessings share,

o And sound thy praise abroad. SALISBURY COL

HYMN 161. C. M. *St. Ann's*. [*]

Christ's condescending Regard to Little Children.

Mark x, 14.

1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms ;

e Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

d 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name ;

"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

- o 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock with pleasure hear ;
Ye children seek his face ;
- o And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.
- e 5 If orphans they are left behind,
— Thy guardian care we trust ;
e That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
a If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 162. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]*Infants given to God in Baptism. Isa. lxxv, 23.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.
- e 2 O what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see !
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine. FELLOWS.

HYMN 163. C. M. *York.* [*]*Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii, 17.*

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.
- d 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain ;
"And those who early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
- e 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee ?

What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

- d 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
o 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 164. L. M. *Gloucester.* [*]*Early Piety.* Matt. xii, 20.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!

A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he wont despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail,
Between the pow'rs of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Tho' press'd with fears on ev'ry side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

STENNET.

HYMN 165. C. M. *Wareham.* [b *]*Young Persons entreated.*

- e 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

- d 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love !
- e Your youth is stained with many crimes,
o But mercy reigns above.
- d 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer !
- p For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.
- 6 We pray that you may early prove,
The Spirit's power to teach ;
* You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

COWPER.

HYMN 166. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [b*]*Prayer for young Persons.*

- 1 **N**OW may fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies ;
Fervent prayer will bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.
- e 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
- e See themselves—and look on thee.
- 3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 4 Show them what their ways have been ;
Show them the desert of sin ;
- e Then thy dying love reveal ;
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 6 Bless us all, both old and young :
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

NEWTON.

HYMN 167. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]*Prayer for Children.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, our children see ;
 By thy mercy *we* are free ;
 But shall these, alas ! remain
 Subjects still of Satan's reign ?
- 2 Israel's infants, when of old,
 Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold ;
- d Then thy Messenger, said " No :
 " Let the children also go."
- e 3 When the angel of the Lord,
 Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
 Slew with an avenging hand,
 All the first-born of the land ;—
- o 4 Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
 Where the bloody sign was plac'd :
- e Hear us now upon our knees,
 Plead the blood of Christ for these.
- e 5 Lord, we tremble, for we know
 How the fierce malicious foe,
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his sight.
- 6 Spread thy pinions, King of kings !
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings :
- e Lest the rav'nous birds of prey
 Seize and bear the brood away.

COWPER

HYMN 168. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [b]*Surrender to infinite Love.*———SACRAMENTAL.

- 1 **W**HEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
 For my sins, upon the tree ;
- e O how wondrous !—how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me !
- e 2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
 To impede his labours came ;
 —Yet they all could not extinguish
 Love's eternal, burning flame.
- e 3 Now redemption is completed,
 Full salvation is procur'd :
- o Death and Satan are defeated,
 By the suff'rings he endur'd.

o 4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

—5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine ;

o All my pow'rs without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

—6 Jesus, fit me for thy service,
Form me for thyself alone ;

e I am thy most costly purchase ;
Take possession of thy own.

LEE.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Canterbury*. [b *]

Christ's Flesh Meat indeed. SACRAMENTAL. John
vi, 53—56.

1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine ;

Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies ;

And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow ;
Oh, what delightful food !

We eat the bread and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon th' accursed tree,

For me—each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procur'd for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine !

Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

STENNET.

HYMN 170. C. M. *York. Barby*. [*]

Welcome to the Table. SACRAMENTAL.

1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup ;

The juices of the living vine,
Were press'd to fill the cup.

- o 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
 With royal dainties fed ;
 —Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
 e For JESUS is the bread !
- e 3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them ;
 d “ Ye trembling souls appear !
 “ The righteous in their own esteem,
 “ Have no acceptance here.
- 4 “ Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
 “ The banquet spread for you ;”
- e Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
 o Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place ;
- o Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

COWPER.

HYMN 171. L. M. *Gloucester.* [b*]*Christ Crucified.* SACRAMENTAL.

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see,
 Bleeding to death for wretched me ;
 —Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
 In every groan I bear a part ;
 e I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
 p But see,—he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
 a Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood !
 e Behold his side, and venture near ;
 —The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains :
 Only the fountain-head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- e 5 Oh that I thus could always feel !
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal ;
 o Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy Name.
- o 6 Thy Name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
 Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
 d And Satan trembles at the sound.

NEWTON

HYMN 172. C. M. *Barby*. [b*]*Jesus hasting to suffer.* SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 **T**HE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast;

—When hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest!

e 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross:

e He longs to be baptiz'd with blood!
He pants to reach the cross!

e 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us unknown,

o Forth to the task his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

e 4 Lord, we return thee—what we can!

o Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation, to the dying MAN,

g And to the rising GOD!

—5 And while thy bleeding glories here,
Engage our wond'ring eyes;

We learn our lighter cross to bear,

o And hasten to the skies.

COWPER.

HYMN 173. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley*. [*]*It is finished.* SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;

o See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

d "It is finish'd!"—

e Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.

d 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!

o Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

d It is finish'd!—

o Saints, the dying words record.

—3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;

Finish'd—all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:

d It is finish'd!

—Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- o 4 Ransom'd ones, approach the table—
 Taste the soul reviving food :
 Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.

d It is finish'd—

—Christ has borne the heavy load.

- o 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
 Join to sing the pleasing thome ;

- o All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name,

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! BURDER'S COL.

HYMN 174. 7s. *Fairfax*. [*b]

It is good to be here. SACRAMENTAL.

- 1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,
 a Weep—and love my life away !

e While I see him on the tree,

a Weep—and bleed—and die for me !

—2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
 Shows my sin in all its guilt :

p Ah, my soul, behold the load !

a Hast thou slain the Lamb of God !

- d 3 Hark ! his dying word, "Forgive,
 "Father, let the sinner live :
 "Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
 "I thy ransom freely pay."

—4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
 And obtain a pardon seal'd ;
 All my soft affections move,
 Waken'd by the force of love.

- d 5 Farewell, world, the gold is dross,
 Now I see the bleeding Cross ;

—Jesus died to set me free,
 From the law, and sin, and thee !

6 He has dearly bought my soul,
 Lord, accept, and claim the whole ;
 To thy will I all resign,

- e Now no more my own, but thine. NEWTON.

HYMN 175. H. M. *Bethesda*. [*]

The Fountain of Life. SACRAMENTAL.

- 1 **H**AIL, everlasting Spring !
 Celestial Fountain, hail !

- Thy streams salvation bring,
 The waters never fail:
 Still they endure, and still they flow,
 For all our wo a sov'reign cure.
- o 2 Blest be His wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish died,
 Such favours to impart.
 His sacred blood shall make us clean
 From ev'ry sin—and fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love,
 Our souls this day would come:
 And thither from above,
 Lord, call the nations home;
- o That Jew and Greek, with rapt'rous songs,
 On all their tongues, thy praise may speak.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Christmas*. [*]*Highway to Zion.* Isa. xxxv, 8—10.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great deliv'rer sing,
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd,
 c How holy, and how plain!
 —Nor shall the simplest trav'ler err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound;
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
 Thro' all the path are found.
- o 4 A hand Divine shall lead you on,
 Through all the blissful road;
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God.
- o 5 These garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.
- g 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
 Pursue his footsteps still;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While labouring up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 177. 8 & 7. *Drummond.* [*]*Safety and Happiness of Zion.* Isa. xxxiii, 20, 21.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!

e He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:

g On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

o 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

e Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?

—Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!

For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;

Safe they feed upon the manna,

Which he gives them when they pray. **NEWTON.**

HYMN 178. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]*God the Defence of Zion.* Ezek. xlviii, 35.

1 **A**S birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,

d "So will I guard Jerusalem."

e 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?

a Who built it?—Who inhabits there?

—3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners, whom he calls his own.

4 There, tho' besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd, and guarded well;

- o From age to age they have defid
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- e 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
o This city has a sure defence ;
d Her name is call'd, 'THE LORD IS THERE ;'
e And who has power to drive Him thence ?

COWPER.

HYMN 179. 8 & 7. *Drummond*. [*]*Future Peace and Glory of Zion.* Isa. lx, 15, 20.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
e "O my people, faint and few ;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
o Fair abodes I build for you :
—Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways :
d You shall name your walls SALVATION,—
— And your gates shall all be praise."
- b 2 There like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
- o God will rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
g He the Lord will be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

HYMN 180. L. M. *Worship*. [b]*Prayer for Zion.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?
- e 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise ;

-
- Till thy own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise ?
- e 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait :
—For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.
- e 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round ;
e See what wide realms in darkness lie,
—And hurl their idols to the ground.
- o 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near. DODDRIDGE
-

HYMN 181. L. M. *Blendon*. [b*]

Prayer for Zion's Increase. Isa. li, 9.

- d 1 **A** RM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength—the nations shake !
—And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
d “I am Jehovah—God alone !”
—Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- e 3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be applied
e The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- o 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,
Let Mahomet's impostures end ;
Break superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- o 5 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home :
And let our wondering eyes behold,
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.
- g 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL. MISS. COL.

HYMN 182. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]*Longing for the promised Spread of the Gospel.* Dan. ii, 45.

1 **E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
e Insulted—everlasting King!

—The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

e 2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day!

o When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

—3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The **STONE** cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended Image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;
And superstition's gloomy reign,
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
o Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And Infidelity asham'd,
Sink in the abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons,
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

g 7 From east to west, from north to south,
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend;

—And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

VOKE.

HYMN 183. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]*Prayer for the Success of Missions.* Ps. lxxii, 7, 8.

1 **L**ORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;

o Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

o 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise.

With sudden greens, and fruits array'd—

g A blooming Paradise.

-
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root,
 In each regen'rate heart ;
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heav'nly fruits impart.
- e 4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore ;
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
 Nor murd'rous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
 Are in thy word foretold ;
- o Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
 This promis'd age of gold.
- e 6 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's
 Unnumber'd myriads cry ;
- g Amen—with joy divine, let heav'n's
 Unnumber'd choirs reply.

GIBBONS.

HYMN 184. C. M. *Canterbury*. [*]

Prayer for Missionaries.

- 1 **G**REAT God, the nations of the earth
 Are by creation thine ;
 And in thy works, by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine.
- o 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind ;
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- g 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread --
 The spacious earth around ;
 Till every tribe and every soul
 Shall hear the joyful sound.
- p 4 O when shall *Afric's* sable sons
 Enjoy the heavenly word ?
 And vassals long enslav'd become
 The freemen of the Lord !
- e 5 When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
 And learn and see his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love :
 Soften the tiger to the lamb,
 The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt,
 To spread the gospel's rays !
 g And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
 The temples of thy praise. RIPPON.

HYMN 185. 10s. *Walworth.* [*]

Prayer for the Latter Day Glory.

1 **L**ORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
 Thy children's voice, in tender mercy hear,
 Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as hills, in mind,
 And shed renewing grace on lost mankind :
 O let thy Spirit like soft dews descend ;
 Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
 Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand ;
 From earth's far region's Jacob's sons restore,
 Oppress'd by man, and scourg'd by thee, no more ;
 Enrich'd with gold, adorn'd with heavenly grace,
 Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.

3 'Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
 Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire,
 The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,
 Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground ;
 The dreams of Infidels in smoke decay,
 And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.

4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,
 Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring ;
 The savage mind with sweet affection warm,
 And light and love the yielding bosom charm :
 From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
 And grace and goodness, show'r from balmy skies.

5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
 Then happy nations in a day be born ;
 From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
 And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son :
 Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
 And o'er all regions beam the Gospel's light.

6 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine ;
 Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine ;
 Their souls improve, their songs more grateful rise,
 And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies :
 Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
 And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea. DWIGHT.

HYMN 186. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]*Zion exalted above the Hills.* Isa. xxii, 4.

- 1 **O**'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- o 2 To this the joyful rations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall the whole world command.
- o 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
- o His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- e 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
—To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- o 6 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
- g And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

HYMN 187. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]*Millennium.* Isa. xi, 5—9. Rev. xx, 4—10.

- 1 **L**OOK up, my soul, with glad surprise,
Towards the joyful, coming day;
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a glorious day.
- e 2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
—The saints shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mingled with their joy.
- b 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in his peaceful reign;
—And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sev'ral rights no more ;
o But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sov'reign to adore.
—5 Thus, till a thousand years are pass'd,
And Satan must be loos'd again ;
Short is the time his reign shall last,
a Ere he's confin'd in endless pain.
o 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone ;
s Angels at God's command shall fly,
To bless them with a conqueror's crown. ANON.

HYMN 108. 8 & 7. *Sicilian*. [*]*Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **W**ITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
o 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim ;
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
—3 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Saviour know ;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
o 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
Praise him all ye hosts above ;
s Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love. FRANCIS.

HYMN 189. S. M. *Newton*. [*]*Charitable Collection*. 1 Chron. xxix, 14.

- 1 **T**HY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own ;
We praise thy providential grace,
That showers its blessings down.
o 2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne ,
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.
e 3 Accept this humble mite,
Great sovereign Lord of all ;
Nor let our num'rous mingling sins
The sacred ointment spoil.

- 4 Let the Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtue's wide :
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.
- e 5 O may this sacrifice
To thee the Lord ascend,
—An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.
- o 6 Well pleas'd our God shall view
The products of his grace ;
And, in a plentiful reward,
Fulfil his promises.

SCOTT.

HYMN 190. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]*The Good Samaritan.* Luke x, 30—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- b 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know ;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.
- e 3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid ;
p Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
o And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies ;
And midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.
- o 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground ;
e And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 191. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]*Nature and Fruits of Charity.*

- 1 **O** CHARITY, thou heav'nly grace !
All tender, soft and kind !
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd !

- 2 The man of charity extends
To all his lib'ral hand ;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends
His pity may command.
- e 3 He aids the poor in their distress ;
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find—
He loves to give relief.
- o 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
- o Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
e And love as argels do. PROUD.

HYMN 192. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]*Relieving Christ in his Members.* Matt. xxv, 40.

- e 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties ! how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
- g 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
- e What can my poverty bestow—
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below ;
The partners of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.
- e 4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd,
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
I, in the poor would see ;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee. DOND

HYMN 193. 8 & 7. [*]

A Charity Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,
 Thou, in glory, unconfin'd,
 Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling,
 With the poor of humble mind.
- 2 As thy love thro' all creation,
 Beams like thy diffusive light,
 So the scorn'd and humble station,
 Shrinks before thine equal sight.
- 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
 Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ;
 Who, the lot of all deciding,
 To thy chosen Israel sung :—
- 4 “ When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
 “ Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,
 “ To the poor belongs the treasure
 “ Of the scatter'd ears behind.”

CHORUS.

- “ These thy God ordains to bless,
 “ The widow and the fatherless.”
- 5 “ When thine olive plants increasing,
 “ Pcur their plenty o'er thy plain ;
 “ Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
 “ But not search the bough again.”
 CHORUS.—“ These, &c.”
- 6 “ When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
 “ Gladdens thy autumnal scene ;
 “ Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
 “ But thy vines the poor shall glean.”
 CHORUS.—“ These, &c.”
- 7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;
 Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
 Warms the heart resembling thee.
- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
 Still the widow owns thy care ;
 Screen'd by thee in every danger,
 Heard by thee in every prayer.

HYMN 194. L. M. *Sicilian*. [*]*Meeting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- o 2 To you and us by grace is giv'n,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
 When christians see each other thus ;
- e We only wish to speak of HIM,
 a Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.
- e 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
- o And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet—to part no more.

NEWTON.

HYMN 195. S. M. *Bingham*. [*]*Parting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in christian love ;
 'The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- e 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 e And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

- e 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
—But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- o 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
- g And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 196. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]*A Marriage Hymn.*

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- e 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- e 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with christian care,
May make domestic burthens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- e 6 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er ;
- o May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 197. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]*A Marriage Hymn.*

- 1 **(C**OME, thou condescending Jesus !
Thou hast blest a marriage feast ;

-
- Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Deign to be an honour'd guest.
- 2 Once at Cana's happy village,
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
Though unseen, may thy blest image
Be inscrib'd on ev'ry heart.)
- e 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
- May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.
- 4 Thou can'st change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
e But we ask a greater favour—
May they be forever thine.
- 5 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sov'reign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.
- 6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty
Hearts thy goodness to adore.
- e 7 Often from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest FRIEND.
- 8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;
O may constant pure devotion,
Guide them safe to realms on high.
- e 9 When by death's cold hand divided,
Which dissolves the tenderest ties;
—By thy grace again united,
May they in thy image rise.
- o 10 Come, thou condescending Jesus,
Fill our hearts with songs of praise;
Come and with thy presence bless us,
Make us subjects of thy grace. CODMAN'S COL.
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HYMN 198. L. M. *Green's*. [*]

A Family Hymn.

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace,

From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

e 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

—3 To thee may each united House,
Morning and night, present its vows ;
Our servants here, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

o 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;

g While pleased, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 199. L. M. *Portugal*. [*]

A Morning Hymn.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

e 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew !
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

—3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

o 4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below :
Praise him above, angelic host ;—

g Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENN

HYMN 200. 7s. *Pleyel's*. [*]

A Morning Hymn.

1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labour, help us pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last !

o Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore. HART. COL.

HYMN 201. L. M. *Worship. Sicilian.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest ;
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whence all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN.

HYMN 202. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of Prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine ;
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

- o 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- e 3 A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 From evil secure, and its dread ;
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh ;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.
- o 5 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
- o And wells of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 203. C. M. *Barby*. [*]*A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **O**N thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend ;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.
- e 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
—And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.
- e 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest ;
- b In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- o 4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For whether waking, or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- o 5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim ;
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
And bless the Sacred Name.
- e 6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
Thy growing work pursue ;
- s And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

LIV. COL.

HYMN 204. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]

Daily Duties. Dependence and Enjoyment. Rom.
xiv, 8.—*Morning or Evening.*

1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name:
Then, JESUS, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseas'd, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help, nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity, and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills, that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;

And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed :
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
"To see thy face, and sing thy praise."

HYMN 205. C. M. *Barby. St. Ann's.* [* b]

Religion the One Thing needful.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern,
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
'Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 206. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Spring.

- 1 **W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray ;

- And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !
- e 2 Hark ! how the feather'd warblers sing !
— 'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
- e Soft music hails the lovely spring,
o And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 How kind the influence of the skies !
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- e 4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- g 5 That bounteous Hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- e 6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
—Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.
- o 7 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song ;
- s And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful song.

STEELE.

HYMN 207. 8s. *Uxbridge.* [*]*Spring.*

- 1 **H**OW sweetly along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips are seen !
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green !
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,—
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.
- e 3 Shall man the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
- d Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
Forbid it, devotion and love.
- g 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,

My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN 208. C. M. *Doxology*. [*]

Summer: A Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers :
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- g 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
My tongue, his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- o 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop ;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- e 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
'The ripening harvest bless.
- o 5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop ;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sow'd in hope.

RIPON.

HYMN 209. C. M. *Abridge*. [b]

Prayer for Rain.

- 1 **N**OW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call ;
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise
And showers abundant fall.
- 2 On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food ?
O make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.
- 3 The evil and the just partake,
These bounties of thy hand ;
Nor will a God of love forsake,
This long indulged land.
- 4 Let grace come down, like copious rains,
On Zion's drooping field ?
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.

- o 5 Then smiling nature shall express
 Her mighty Maker's praise ;
 And we, the children of thy grace,
 Join her harmonious lays. BURDER'S COL.

HYMN 210. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [* b]*Autumn.*

- 1 **S**EE how brown autumn spreads the field,
 Mark—how the whitening hills are turn'd !
 Behold them to the reapers yield,—
 The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.
- e 2 Thus the great Judge with glory crown'd
 Descends to reap the ripen'd earth ;
- g Angelic guards attend him down,
 The same who sang his humble birth.
- 3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
 d “ Go search around the flaming world ;
 “ Haste—call my saints to rise, and take
 “ The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.
- 4 “ Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
 “ In flames, unquench'd consume each tare ;
 “ Sinners must feel my holy ire,
 “ And sink in guilt—to deep despair.”
- a 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth :—
 —Angels obey the awful voice ;
 d They save the wheat—they burn the chaff ;—
 g All heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN 211. C. M. *Hymn 2.* [b *]*Winter.*

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round ;
- p How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- e 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart ;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
 In night's dark mantle clad ;
- p Confin'd in cold inactive chains—
 How desolate and sad !

- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
 Thy soul reviving ray ;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.
- o 5 O happy state—divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- g 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore ;
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winters frown no more.

HYMN 212. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b*]

Swiftness of Time. New Year.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bound,
 Of the revolving year ;
- e How swift the weeks complete their round !
 How short the months appear.
- d 2 So fast eternity comes on—
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- e 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
 The swift revolving year ;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concerns to see ;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- o 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 213. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Help obtained of God. New Year.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand !
 The opening year thy mercy shews ;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

- e 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future—all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- e 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
- g Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 214. 10 & 11. *Watworth.* [*]*Goodness of God. New Year.*

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing ;
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name ;
The Lord is good—his mercy never ending ;
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills :
Ye seraphs bright, on ever blooming hills,
His honours sound ; you to whom good alone
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known :
Through your immortal life, with love increasing
Proclaim your Maker's goodness—never ceasing
- 3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine.
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil and wine
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations rise
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuses ev'ry blessing.
- e 4 Zion, enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
Blest with the rays of thine EMMANUEL'S face—
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
- o In sacred strains, exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

- 5 His mercy never ends—the dawn, the shade
Still see new beauties thro' new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God.
- e The deathless soul through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- s 6 Burst into praise, my soul, all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine:
- e While human years are measur'd by the sun,
And while ETERNITY its course shall run—
- g His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 215. C. M. *Sunday*. [*]*Close of the Year.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
- o Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
- o Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,
To our admiring eyes.
- o 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
e Ye mortal powers decay;
- Fast as ye bring the night of death,
- o Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 216. L. M. *Carthage* (b)*Importance of Time.*

- e 1 **O** TIME, how few thy value weigh.
How few will estimate a day!
- e Days, months, and years, are rolling on,
a The soul neglected—and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
Whilst death stands watching at our side.
Eager to stop the living tide.

e 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

d 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Pilgrims on earth; but soon to be—
The heirs of immortality.

—5 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you your seeds to sow;
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,
In future worlds, is bliss, and pain.

e 6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy, search it through;
And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let ev'ry day amend the past.

SCOTT.

HYMN 217. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]

Serious prospect of Eternity.

e 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand—
p Yet how insensible!

—A point of time—a moment's space—
o Removes me to yon heavenly place,
e Or—shuts me up in hell!

—2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late—
o Wake me to righteousness.

—3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day;
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
e And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

—4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

- o 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with thee above ;
g Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 218. 8 & 7. *Sicilian*. [*]*Eternity joyfully anticipated.*

- 1 **I**N this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.
2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see !
O assist each faint endeavour !
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.
e 3 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,—
—When to life thou wilt restore us :
o Lingerin' ages haste away.
4 When this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on :
—Life renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy glorious will be done.

MADAN'S COL

HYMN 219. C. M. *Plymouth*. [b]*Of Age approaching.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, enthron'd on high !
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.
2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool :
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.
3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay ;
e My friends, my young companions gone—
Can I expect to stay ?
e 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Pro'ects his awful dart ?

Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

—5 Ah, no!—then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends:

Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

o 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels join the lay,)

Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay:—

a 7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim;

g And join the choir of saints, who sound
Their great Redeemer's name. *RIPPON'S COL.*

HYMN 220. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Warning to prepare for Death.

1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent!—thy end is nigh!

Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins—how high they mount!

What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defence:
His time, there's none can tell:

He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;

But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:

Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

HART.

HYMN 221. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Death and Judgment appointed to All. Heb. ix, 27.

1 **H**EAUV'N has confirm'd the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:

- One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down—
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell ;
- e Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die—and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh :
For know, that heav'n or hell are hung,
On that important day !
- 4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see ;
And ev'ry word—and ev'ry thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend ;
- o And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 222. L. M. *Islington*. [*]*Desiring to depart and be with Christ.* Phil. i, 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay ;
And longs to wing its flight away.
- o 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
—Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.
- e 3 The blissful interview, how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet ;
- o Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.
- 4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 223. C. M. *St. Paul's*. [b*]*Death welcomed : Heaven anticipated.*

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful veil,
And soar to worlds on high :—

- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.
- o 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come ;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- e 5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
- o 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
- o They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 7 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away ;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 224. L. M. *Carthage*. [b*]*Death of the Sinner and Saint.*

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread—
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night !
- e 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest :
- o Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—
And, in despair and horror—dies.

- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss :
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
 A steady faith subdues his fear ;
 He sees the happy Canaan near.
- b 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
 No terrors in his looks are seen ;
 His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
 And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord make my faith and love sincere,
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
 And when the toils of life are past,
 May I be found in peace at last. FAWCETT.

HYMN 225. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Infants, living or dying, in the Arms of Christ.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine ;
 Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
 Thy love in ev'ry line.
- 2 With joy I see a thousand charms,
 Spread o'er thy lovely face ;
 While infants in thy tender arms,
 Receive the smiling grace.
- d 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
 "And lay them in my breast ;
 "Protection they shall find in me—
 "In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
 "But can't dissolve my love ;
 "Millions of infant souls compose
 "The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 "And mould with heav'nly skill :
 "I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 "And hands to do my will."
- o 6 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
 And shout, with joys divine,
- d Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
 Shall be forever thine. STENNETT.

HYMN 226. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b*]

On the Death of Children. Isa. iv, 5.

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,

- Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie ;
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view,
A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand ;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place ;
"No name of daughters and of sons,
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give ;
"In endless honour and delight,
"My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord. those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see ;
o And bless those wounds which, thro' our hearts,
Prepare a way to thee. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 227. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [*]*Death of a Young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
e With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.
- e 3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the gaping tomb !
—It bids us seize the present hour !
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

- o 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph c'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

STEELE.

HYMN 228. C. M. *Zion.* [*]*Death of Pious Friends.* 1 Thess. iv, 13, 14.

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, christians, when your friends
 In Jesus fall asleep ;
 Their better being never ends ;
 Then why dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
 To whom no hope is given ?
 Death is the messenger of peace,
 And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again,
 Victorious from the dead ;
- o So his disciples rise and reign,
 With their triumphant head.
- e 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
 Christ shall with shouts descend ;
- g And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,
 And they who sleep shall wake ;
- o The graves, shall yield their ancient charge ;
 And earth's foundation shake.
- o 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high ;
- The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
 Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore ;
- o Where death-divided friends, at last,
 Shall meet to part no more.

SCOTCH PAR.

HYMN 229. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [b*]*The Christian's Farewell.*

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.

- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd ;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix,
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief,
Shall swell into my eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 230. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]*Death Gain to a Believer.*

- 1 **H**OW blest is our friend—now bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy his soul—that has left
This wearisome body behind ?
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now—
No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This *earth* is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war with the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.

This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wip'd from those eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe ;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, shall I not ere long become,
My spirit created anew—

My body consign'd to the tomb ! WHITEFIELD.

HYMN 231. L. M. *Sicilian*. [b*]

A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- e 3 So Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed ;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- o 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth ! his sov'reign word ;
- e Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord. WATTS.

HYMN 232. C. M. *Sunday*. [*]

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv, 52—58.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake—

- When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake ;—
- o 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise ;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,
Is n w at last fulfil'd—.
- o That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd quit the field.
- o 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing ;
- d “ Oh grave ! where is thy triumph now ?
And where, O Death ! thy sting !
- 5 “ Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt ;
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart ;
The law gave sin its strength, and force,
To pierce the sinner's heart.
- 6 “ But God, whose name be ever blest !
Disarms that foe we dread ;
And makes us conqu'rors, when we die,
Through Christ our living head.”
- 7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around ;
And in the work prescrib'd by God,
Yet more and more abound.
- o 8 Assur'd, that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain ;
But through the grace of heav'ns great Lord,
The eternal crown shall gain.) SCOTCH PAR.

HYMN 233. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]*The Last Tempest.*

- e 1 **W**HEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies ;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise ;—
- o 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song ;
- e My harp all trembling in my hand,
o And all inspir'd my tongue.

- d 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
 "And shake the sullen sky;
 "Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
 "In angry murmurs try.
- 4 "Let the earth totter on her base,
 "And clouds the heavens deform;
 "Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
 "And rush the final storm!"
- 5 Come quickly, blessed HOPE, appear—
 Bid thy swift chariot fly;
 Let angels tell thy coming near,
 And snatch me to the sky.
- o 6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
 I'd bear a joyful part;
- g All hallelujah on my tongue—
 All rapture in my heart.

BYLES.

 HYMN 234. 3, 7, & 4. *Littleton.* [*]

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 **L**O, he comes—the King of glory!
 With his chosen tribes to reign;
 Countless hosts of saints and angels
 Swell the mighty conqueror's train;
 Now in triumph,
 Sin and death are captive led.
- g 2 See the rocks and mountains rending—
 All the nations fill'd with dread!
- e Hark! the trump of God—proclaiming
 Through the mansions of the dead—
- d "Come to judgment—
 Stand before the Son of Man!"
- 3 Now behold the dead awaking;
 Great and small before him stand;
 Not one soul forgot, or missing;
 None his orders countermand:
- a All stand waiting—
 For their last decisive doom!
- 4 Hear the Chief among ten thousand
 Thus address his faithful few;
- d "Come ye blessed of my Father,
 "Heaven is prepared for you;
 "I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
 "And ye minister'd to me."

- e 5 But how awful is the sentence,
 d "Go from me, ye cursed race—
 "To that place of endless torment,
 "Never more to see my face :
 "I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
 "Ye to me no mercy shew'd."
 ~6 Now awake ye slumbering virgins,
 Trim your lamps ; the bridegroom's near,
 Let your loins with truth be girded,
 Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear :
 Mark ! the fig-tree,
 Budding, shows the summer's near.
 e 7 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,
 Though thy wrath o'er sinners roil ;
 In this general wreck of nature,
 Be the refuge of my soul :
 d Jesus, save me ! Jesus, save me ! when the light'nings
 Blaze around from pole to pole.

HYMN 235. 8, 7, & 4. *Helmsley*. [b*]

The Day of Judgment.

- e 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !
 d Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 e How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
 g 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 —You who long for his appearing,
 d Then shall say, "This God is mine."
 e Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !
 o 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea,
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee :
 p Careless sinner,
 What then will become of thee ?
 e 4 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 d "Hence, accursed wretch, depart !

- “Thou with Satan
 “And his angels, have thy part !”
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov’d and serv’d the Lord below ;
 d He will say, “Come near, ye blessed,
 “See the kingdom I bestow :
 “You forever
 “Shall my love and glory know.”
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise :
 Swiftly God’s great day approaches—
 Sighs shall then be chang’d to praise :
 o We shall triumph—
 g When the world is in a blaze !
- NEWTON

HYMN 236. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]TE DEUM. *A General Hymn of Praise.*

- 1 **O** GOD, we praise thee, and confess,
 That thou the only Lord,
 And everlasting Father art,
 By all on earth ador’d.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
 To thee the powers on high,
 Both cherubim, and seraphim,
 Continually do cry,—
- 3 “O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 “Whom heavenly hosts obey ;
 “The world is with the glory fill’d
 “Of thy majestic sway.”
- 4 The apostles’ glorious company,
 And prophets crown’d with light,
 With all the martyrs’ noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church, throughout the world,
 O Lord, confesses thee ;
 That thou eternal Father art,
 Of boundless majesty.
- 6 Thy honour’d, true, and only Son,
 And Holy Ghost the spring
 Of never ceasing joy ; O Christ,
 Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

HYMN 237. 8s. *Drummond.* [*]*Our God forever and ever.*

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable FRIEND;
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 2 'Tis Jesus the FIRST and the LAST,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

ASCRPTIONS.

7s.

1 **G**LORY to the Father's name,
 Jesus' excellence proclaim;
 Sing the blessed Spirit's praise;
 Angels, swell the notes we raise!

7s.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him all ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done:
 Praise by all to thee be given
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

8. 7, & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory to the eternal Son;
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
 Join the elders round the throne;
 Hallelujah,
 Hail the glorious Three in One.

C. P. M.

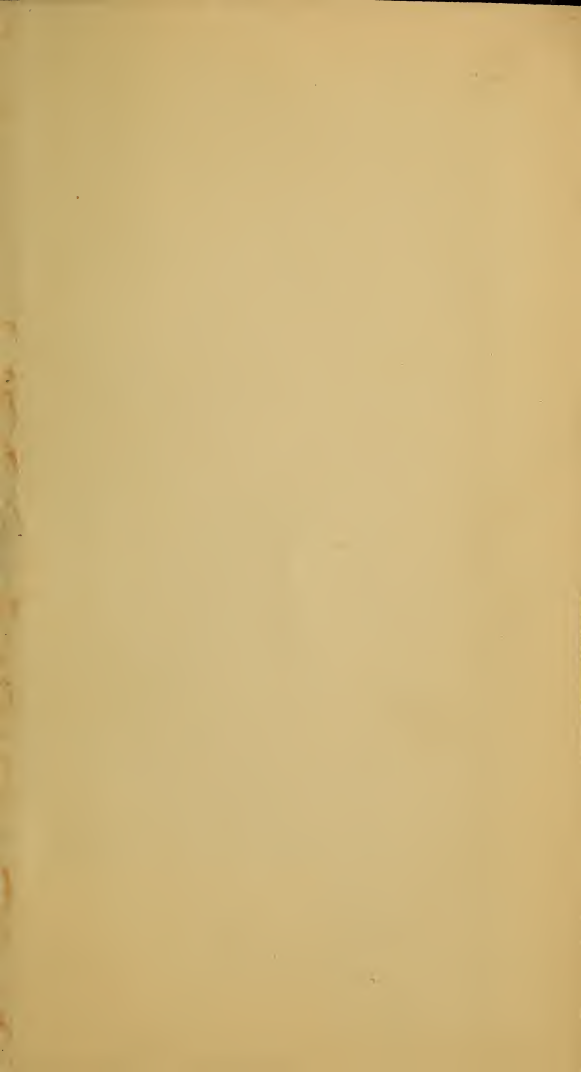
TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the Heavenly host,
 And in the church below;
 From whom all creatures draw their breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

8 & 7.

GLORY, honour, praise and power
To the Lamb be ever paid:
Let new blessings every hour
Rest on his adored head.

5 & 6.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.



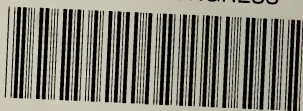
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